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AUG. 15

VOGUE

What's coming... staying...going... in fashion

the colours
that pace the fashion news

the shoe that
clues the costume

Beauty:
when brains are
better than luck

"The Educated
Heart."
Virgilia Peterson

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The New Book
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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE
CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

AUGUST 15, 1961

COVER

Velvet for day—one of the all-out charmers coming in now; here, a high-noon red velvet jacket edged with tweed, over a black-and-white diagonal tweed dress; short sleeves, long waist. Jewel tweeding: the brooch of rhinestones set in black, by Cadoro. The suit, by Ben Zuckerman, of cotton velvet and Anglo wool tweed. Half-back beret, matching tweed. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel. The lipstick, an all-out flatterer, too, Beauty Red by Germaine Monteil. Chair, by Knoll Associates.



KAREN RADKAI

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Vol. 138, No. 3
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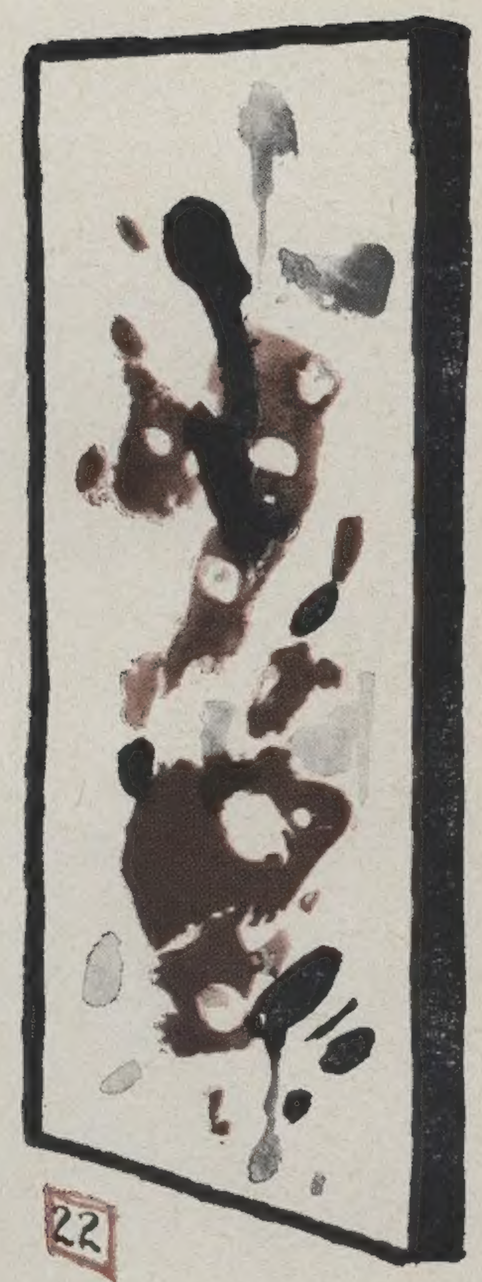
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22

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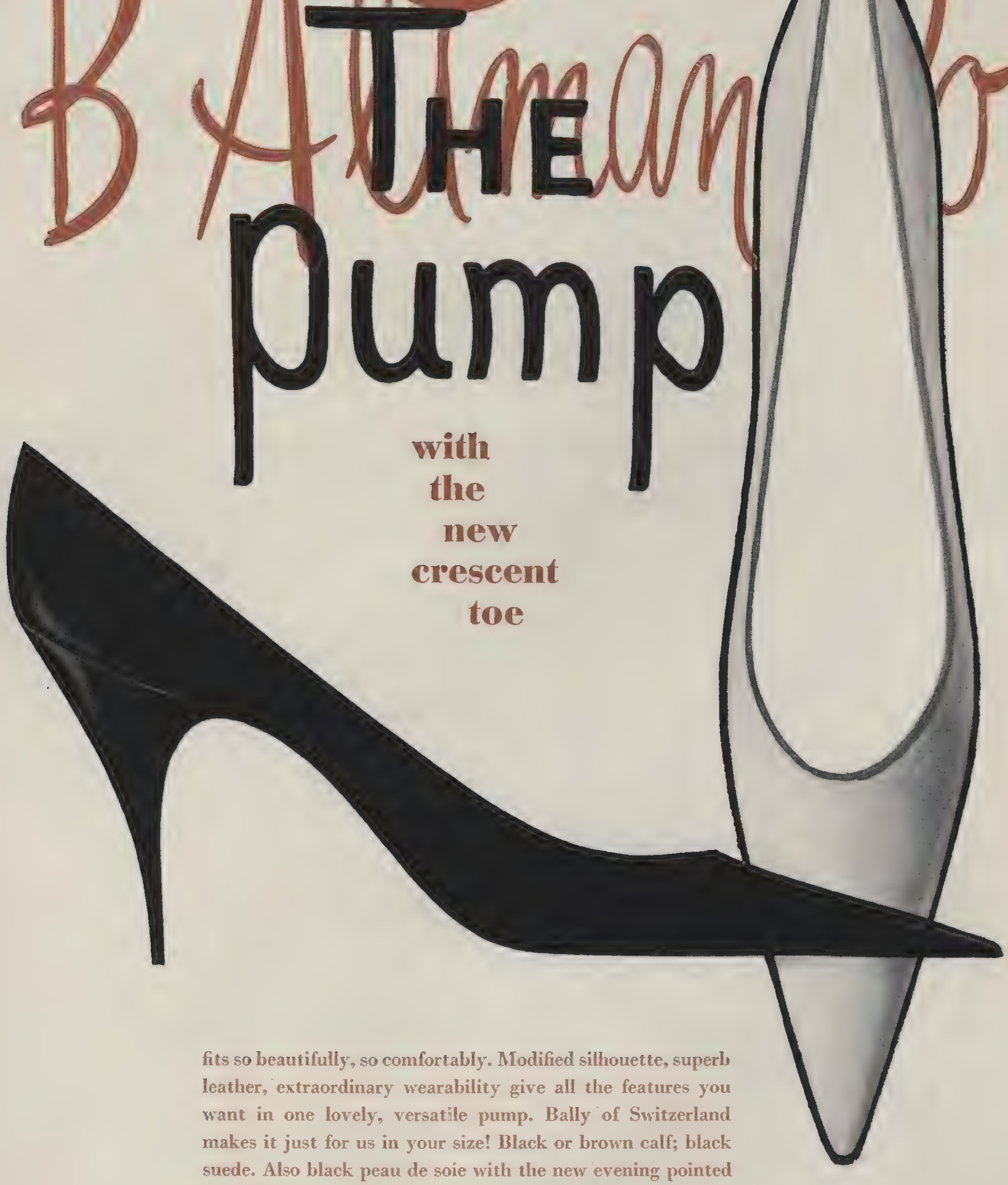
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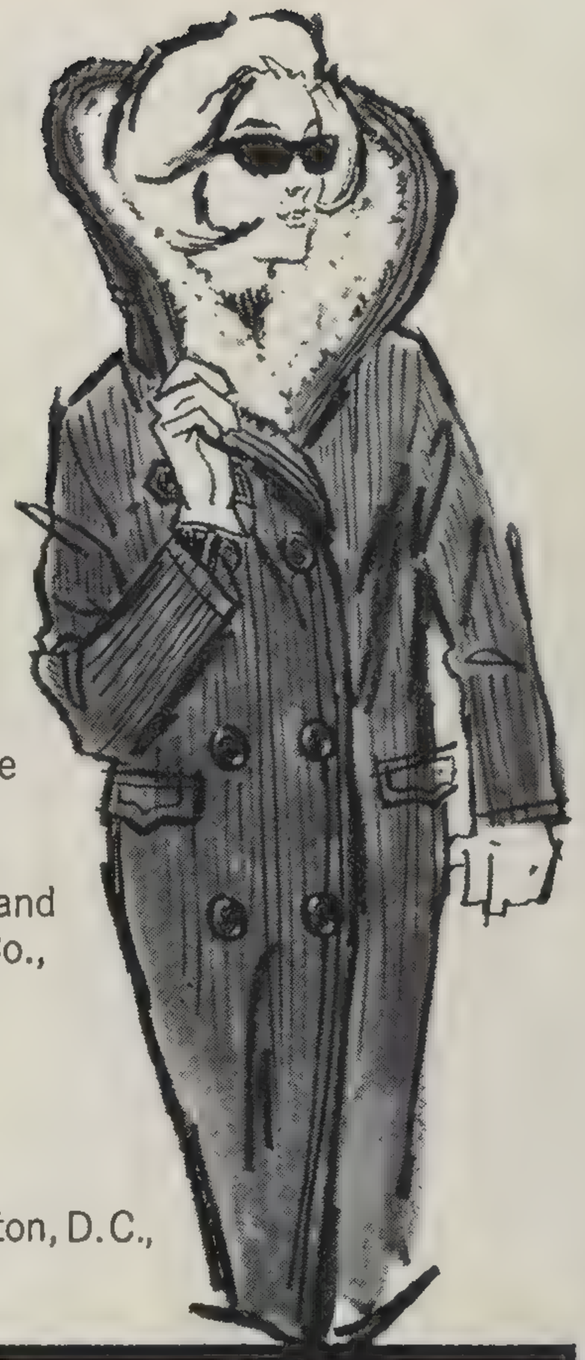
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Because of Life Stride, smart women everywhere can afford not just a few pairs of "good" shoes—but a whole wardrobe of high-fashion shoes every year.

There's a Life Stride retailer near you. Visit him . . . but be sure your will power is working, because you'll be tempted by every style he shows you!



SHE JUST WON'T GO INDOORS!

Jeeves understands. Knows that when a woman finds a coat as flattering as this Borgana® by **SPORTOWNE,** she won't take it off her back. Especially since it's as light as it's warm. Make your next winter coat a Borgana coat. As styled by Sportowne, it's everything a winter coat should be—distinguished, long-wearing and as luxurious as the mink collar that adorns it. In all the colors you can imagine and a few you can't. About $140.00 at fine stores.

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Macon ..... Stephen's
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Monroe ..... Field's
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Cape Girardeau ..... Hecht's
Clayton ..... Famous-Barr
Kansas City ..... Adlers'
Kansas City
Emery, Bird & Thayer
Kennett ..... James Kahn's
Lexington ..... Reed's
Moberly ..... J. M. Smith
St. Joseph ..... Einbender's
St. Joseph ..... Hirsch Bros.
St. Joseph Townsend & Wall

NORTH CAROLINA

Ashville ..... Ivey's
Ashville ..... Winner's
Brevard ..... Patterson
Charlotte ..... Belk's
Charlotte ..... Best Shops
Charlotte ..... Ivey's
Concord ..... Smart Shop
Durham ..... Baldwin's
Durham ..... Ellis Stone
Fayetteville ..... Capitol
Gastonia ..... Vogue
Goldsboro ..... Serotta's

PENNSYLVANIA (Cont.)

Beaver Falls ..... Berkman's
Berwick ..... Fashion Shop
Bethlehem ..... Alice Kay
Braddock ..... Fashion Spear
Carbondale .... Globe Fashion
Chester ..... Speare Bros.
Easton ..... Grollman's
Easton ..... Horn's
Erie ..... Halle Bros.
Greensburg ..... La Rose
Hanover ..... Baker's
Harrisburg ..... Pomeroy's

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Amarillo ..... Lucille's
Austin ..... Goodfriend
Baytown Economy Dry Goods
Bryan Lester's Smart Shop
Dallas ..... Albert's
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Meriden ..... Styletex
Middletown ..... Wrubel's
Naugatuck ..... Friedman
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Waterbury ..... Grieves'
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Dover ..... Emanuel's
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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Haber & Co., Inc.
Washington ..... Hecht's
Washington ..... Kaplowitz
Washington
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FLORIDA

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Daytona Beach
Linden's Vogue
Jacksonville .... Nancy Scott
Miami ..... Jordan Marsh
Orlando ..... Ivey's
Panama City ..... Holland's
Tallahassee ..... Turner's
Tampa ..... O. Falk's
W. Palm Beach .... Anthony's

GEORGIA

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Albany ..... Vogue
Americus ..... Vogue
Atlanta ..... Joseph's
Atlanta ..... Rich's
Augusta ..... Cullum's
Augusta ..... Davidson's
Augusta ..... Rubens'
Columbus ..... Mathew's
Douglas ..... Fashion Shop
Fitzgerald ..... Friedlander's
Gainesville ..... Ronald's
Macon ..... Goldman's

ILLINOIS

Champaign ..... Kaufman's
Chicago ..... Baskin's
Chicago ..... The Fair
Chicago ..... Madigan's
Chicago ..... People's Store
Danville ..... Jules Straus
Freeport ..... Field's
Granite City ..... Helman's
Herrin ..... M. P. Zwick's
Joliet ..... Benard's
Joliet ..... Wolfson's
Melrose Park .... Madigan's
Moline ..... Goldsmith's
Peoria Carson Pirie & Scott
Quincy ..... State St. Store
Rockford ..... Field's
Rock Island ..... McCabe's
Springfield ..... Myer Bros.
Taylorville .. Melle Calloway

INDIANA

Anderson ..... Banner Store
Anderson ..... Hoyt Wright
Bloomington ..... Wick's
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Fort Wayne
Patterson Fletcher
Frankfort ..... Adler's
Gary ..... Coronet Shop
Indianapolis Penn Fashions
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Lafayette ..... The Fashion
Lebanon ..... Adler's
Logansport ..... The Fashion
Richmond ..... Palais Royal
Rochester ..... Blumenthal's
South Bend ..... Geo. Wyman

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Burlington ..... Eklund's
Burlington .. J. S. Schramm
Cedar Rapids .... Killian Co.
Cedar Rapids ..... Martin's
Clinton ..... Martin Morris
Davenport ..... Fantle Bros.
Davenport ..... Scharff's
Dubuque ..... Stampfer's
Fort Dodge Hollywood Shop
Ottumwa ..... Lisbon's
Ottumwa ..... Ruby's
Sioux City ..... Fantle Bros.
Sioux City ..... Kolin's
Waterloo ..... Palace Clo.

KANSAS

Hutchinson ..... Pegues
Kansas City ..... Street's
Pittsburg ..... Little's
Prairie Village Seymour Roth
Topeka ..... Nightingale's
Wichita ..... Lewin's

KENTUCKY

Ashland ..... Delman's
Danville .... Cinderella Shop
Frankfort ..... Hudson's
Lexington
Mitchell Baker Smith
Louisville ..... Fleischer's
Louisville ..... Geo. Moore
Louisville ..... Stewart's
Madisonville
Baker & Hickman
Middleboro ..... Verran
Mt. Sterling ..... Oldham's
Owensboro ..... Levy's
Paducah ..... Jean's
Paintsville ..... Frail's
Winchester .. Vic. Bloomfield

LOUISIANA (Cont.)

Opelousas ..... Abdalla's
Rayne ..... Mervine Kahn
Rustin ..... Lewis & Co.
Shreveport ..... Palais Royal

MAINE

Bangor ..... Burdell's
Lewiston ..... Benner's
Portland ..... Benoit
Waterville ..... Stern's

MARYLAND

Aberdeen ..... Hub
Baltimore .. Hochschild Kohn
Bel Aire ..... Hub
Cambridge ..... Richardson's
Cumberland ..... Lazarus
Frederick ..... Hendrickson's
Salisbury ..... Benjamin's
Wheaton ..... Jos. Harris

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston ..... Jordan Marsh
Boston ..... R. H. Stearn's
Brockton ..... Smart Shop
Framingham .. Jordan Marsh
Haverhill ..... Grad's
Haverhill ..... Mitchell & Co.
Hyde Park ..... Anns'
Lowell ..... Bon Marche
Lynn
T. W. Rogers & Co., Inc.
Malden ..... Gordon's
Middleboro .. Boston Fashion
Peabody ..... Grad's
Peabody ..... Jordan Marsh
Pittsfield ..... England Bros.
Salem ..... Rogers'
Waltham ..... Riseberg's
Westfield ..... Block's
Worcester ..... Charles Kay

MICHIGAN

Adrian ..... Maurice
Cadillac ..... Cochrane's
Detroit
Hughes, Hatcher & Suffern
Escanaba ..... Fair Store
Grand Rapids ..... Hausman's
Grand Rapids
Herpolsheimer
Grand Rapids ..... Steketee
Ishpenning ..... Style Shop
Kalamazoo .... Gilmore Bros.
Kalamazoo ..... J. R. Jones
Lansing ..... Maurice
Lincoln ..... Fisher's
Traverse City J. W. Milliken
Sault Ste. Marie ..... Barish

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea
Skinner Chamberlain
Duluth ..... Ed Wahl
Rochester ..... C. T. Massey
St. Cloud ..... Roberts'
St. Paul ..... Cook's
Virginia ..... Roberts'

MISSISSIPPI

Brookhaven ..... Benoit's
Clarksdale .... Marion Shoppe
Greenville ..... De Loach
Hattiesburg ..... Eisman's
Jackson ..... Vogue
Laurel ..... Fine Bros.
Laurel ..... A. Loeb
Meridian ..... Kay's
Meridian ..... Vogue
Natchez ..... Byme
Vicksburg ..... Style Shop
Vicksburg .. Valley Dry Goods

MISSOURI (Cont.)

St. Louis ..... Famous-Barr
Springfield ..... M. Netter

MONTANA

Billings ..... Doyle's

NEBRASKA

Alliance ..... Rhoad's
Grand Island ..... Wolbachs'
Lincoln ..... Ben Simon's
North Platte ..... Rhoad's
Omaha ..... J. L. Brandeis
Omaha .. Goldstein-Chapman
Omaha ..... Nebraska Clo.

NEVADA

Las Vegas ..... Fanny's

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester .... A. Machinist
Nashua ..... Miller's

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park ..... Abrams
Asbury Park .... Steinbach's
Atlantic City .... Polly's Dress
Bayonne ..... Lexington
Belmar Belmar Dress Shop
Camden ..... Lester's
Elizabeth ..... Fishman's
Elizabeth ..... R. J. Goerke
Freehold ..... Main Cloak
Hammonton City
Aggressive Coat
Jersey City .... Cara Carson
Lakewood ..... Feldman's
Passaic ..... Wechsler's
Paterson .... Meyer Brothers
Perth Amboy ..... Reynold's
Ridgewood ..... Shayne's
Trenton ..... S. P. Dunham
Vineland ..... Wrought's

NEW MEXICO

Clovis ..... Vohs Co.

NEW YORK

Batavia ..... C. L. Carr
Binghamton ..... Goodman's
Bronx ..... Strickler's
Brooklyn ..... Martin's
Buffalo ..... Hens & Kelly
Elmira ..... Gorton-Coy
Floral Park ..... Fashionook
Hempstead .... Marthe Robet
Herkimer ..... Vogue
Jamaica ..... Gertz
Middletown .. Kassel Bros.
New York City Saks 34th St.
New York City
John Wanamaker
Niagara Falls ..... Bier Bros.
Niagara Falls ..... Wellesley
Oneonta ..... Breese's
Oswego ..... McDonald's
Perry ..... Lippman's
Plattsburg ..... Herman's
Poughkeepsie Luckey Platt
Rochester ..... McCurdy's
Rome ..... Simpkin's
Schenectady .... Wallace Co.
Spring Valley
White House Fashion Center
Syracuse ..... E. W. Edwards
Syracuse ..... Fleischer's
Troy ..... Denby
Utica ..... J. B. Wells
Watertown .... Herr Fashions

NORTH CAROLINA (Cont.)

Greensboro ..... Meyers Co.
Greensboro ..... Prago-Guyes
Greenville ..... Brody's
Greenville ..... C. H. Forbes
Hamlet ..... Mary Rice
High Point ..... Tobias
Kinston ..... Brody Bros.
Laurenburg ..... McNeill's
Leaksville ..... Flynn's
Plymouth ..... Fashion Shop
Raleigh ..... Burton's
Raleigh ..... Dunn's
Raleigh ..... Ivey's
Rockingham ..... Kay's
Rocky Mt. ..... Baldwin's
Salisbury ..... Guyes
Sanford ..... Lessies
Statesville ..... Marion's
Wilmington .... Wonder Shop
Winston-Salem ..... Arcade
Winston-Salem .. L. Robert's

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck ..... Robertson's
Fargo ..... Squtt-Moody

OHIO

Akron ..... M. O'Neil Co.
Akron ..... Polsky
Belle Fontaine ..... Dee's
Cambridge Davis Dept. Store
Canton ..... Polsky
Canton ..... Vicary's
Cincinnati .. Mabley & Carew
Cincinnati ..... Shillito's
Chillicothe ..... The Fashion
Cleveland .. Sterling Lindner
Columbus ..... Conrad's
Columbus
Morehouse Fashions
Crestline ..... Jones Weiss
Cuyahoga Falls ..... Irene's
Dayton ..... Metropolitan Co.
Dover ..... Schwartz
Fremont ..... Joseph's
Hamilton . Robinson-Schwenn
Kenton ..... Dee's
Lima ..... The Leader
Louisville ..... Zwick's
Marietta ..... Bonham's
Maumee ..... Groff's
Mayfield Hts. ..... Mary's
Middletown ..... John Ross
Newark ..... J. J. Carroll
North Canton .. George-Ann's
Sandusky ..... Joseph's
Springfield ..... Ed. Wren
Steubenville ..... The Hub
Swifton ... Mabley & Carew
Zanesville .... H. Weber Sons

OKLAHOMA

Chickasha .. Levine & Miller
Enid ..... Lambert's
Lawton ..... Dixie Store
Lawton ..... Scott's
Muskogee Durnil Dry Goods
Oklahoma City ..... Street's
Tulsa ..... Brown Duncan
Tulsa ..... Renberg's

OREGON

Eugene ..... Kaufman Bros.
Portland ..... Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown ..... Adams Co.
Allentown .. Zollinger-Harned
Altoona ..... Simmonds'

PENNSYLVANIA (Cont.)

Harrisburg ..... Worth's
Hazelton ..... Debs
Jeanette ..... Ratner's
Lancaster ..... Garvin's
Lebanon ..... Rose Singer
McKeesport ..... Katzman
New Castle
New Castle Dry Goods
New Kensington .. H. Golden
Philadelphia ..... Duval's
Philadelphia Sacks Frankford
Philadelphia JohnWanamaker
Phoenixville .. Cherashore's
Pittsburgh ..... Azen's
Pittsburgh ..... Gimbel's
Pittsburgh ..... Joseph Horne
Reading ..... Gilman's
Reading ..... Pomeroy's
St. Mary's ..... Berman's
Scranton ..... Rice's
Scranton Scranton Dry Goods
Sharon ..... Bolotin's
Shomokin ..... Modern Dress
Sunbury ..... Rosenblum's
Uniontown ..... Kaufman's
Vandergrift ..... Miller's
West Chester ..... Mosteller's
Wilkes-Barre
Fowler, Dick & Walker
Wilkes-Barre ..... Shapiro's
Wilkinsburg ..... Merle's
Williamsport ..... Brozman's
Williamsport ..... Pollack's
York ..... P. Weist

RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket ..... Bernstein's
Providence ..... Gladding's
Providence .... Sheppard Co.
Westerly ..... Bea Smith
Woonsocket ..... McCarthy's

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston ..... Snelgrove's
Columbia ..... Haltiwanger
Columbia ..... James L. Tapp
Dillon ..... Fran Bethea
Florence ..... Gladstone
Greenville .... Meyers Arnold
Greenwood ..... Style Shop
Newburry ..... Bergen Clo.
Spartenburg .. Aug. W. Smith
Sumter ..... Brody Bros.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen ..... Pred's
Mitchel ..... Feinstein's
Rapid City ..... Baron's

TENNESSEE

Bristol ..... The Fashion
Chattanooga ..... Loveman's
Chattanooga ..... Miller Bros.
Columbia ..... Gordon's
Dyersburg ..... Kaplan's
Dyersburg G. A. Schiesinger
Jackson ..... Rosenbloom's
Johnson City ..... King's
Kingsport .... J. Fred Johnson
Knoxville ..... Miller's
Knoxville ..... Sterling House
Memphis ..... Goldsmith's
Memphis ..... Landres
Memphis ..... Lowenstein's
Murfreesboro .... Goldstein's
Nashville ..... Cain-Sloan
Nashville ..... Chester's
Tullahoma ..... Goldstein's

TEXAS (Cont.)

Ft. Worth .... Parisien-Peyton
Houston ..... Foley's
Houston ..... Lord's
Houston ..... Palais Royal
Lubbock ..... Marcus, Inc.
McAllen ..... Advance Shop
Port Arthur ..... Franklin's
San Antonio ..... Joske Bros.
San Antonio ..... Wolf-Marx
Tyler ..... Kline's
Waco ..... Goldstein-Migel
Wichita Falls ..... Hub

UTAH

Ogden ..... Samuel's
Provo ..... Evan Thomas
Salt Lake City ... Auerbach's
Salt Lake City ..... Makoff

VIRGINIA

Alexandria ..... Hayman's
Charlottesville
Colonnade Shop
Charlottesville .... Tilman's
Danville ..... Frances Kahn
Exmore ..... Eichelberger's
Farmville ..... Dorothy May
Harrisonburg .... Alfred Neys
Lynchburg ..... Baldwin's
Martinsville ..... Blanche's
Newport News Nachman's
Norfolk .... Ames & Brownley
Norfolk ..... Rice's
Richmond ..... La Vogue
Richmond Miller & Rhoads
Richmond ..... Worth's
Roanoke ..... Heironimus
Roanoke ..... Lazarus
So. Boston ..... Lantor's
Winchester ..... Hodgson's

WASHINGTON

Bellevue ..... Leone's
Bellingham ..... Victor's
Seattle ..... Jean Hall
Spokane ..... Russan's

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley ..... Rahall's
Charleston
Coyle & Richardson
Charleston .. Embee's
Charleston Stone & Thomas
Clarksburg ..... Broida's
Fairmont ..... Frances Dress
Huntington
Anderson-Newcomb
Huntington ..... Smart Shop
Lewisburg ..... Yarid's
Martinsburg Gene Diamond
Morgantown ..... Flora Dora
Oak Hill ..... George's
Parkersburg ..... Broida's
Parkersburg ..... Dils Bros.
Parkersburg Stone & Thomas
Wheeling ..... Colvig
Wheeling .. Stone & Thomas

WISCONSIN

Eau Clair ..... Deutsch's
Eau Clair ..... The Fashion
Green Bay ..... Naus, Inc.
Kenosha ..... Lepp & Co.
Madison ..... Manchester's
Madison ..... Simpson's
Manitowac ..... Berk's
Milwaukee .... T. A. Chapman
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Also obtainable in TALL sizes at Lane Bryant stores and "Over 5' 7" Shops"

If your favorite store is not listed, write Meyer Stoll, Inc., 500 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

KENNIE *Originals*





furred
with
mink

For this season of fur: Natural mink collars in newest tones and treatments. Town suit, choicest wool broadcloth. Suits below of nubby textured wool. Sizes 8-18 in autumn colorings. All under $100. At stores listed on facing page—or write Meyer Stoll, Inc., 500 7th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.





Hats by Mr. John Jr.

Milium®
INSULATED
LINING
gives all-weather comfort,
economy, style

all dressed up and
someplace
to grow!



Bambury

COATS FOR GIRLS WITH ADD-A-YEAR* HEMS

Left: A double-breasted classic in green and white plaid. Loose, box style, warmly lined with matching green corduroy. Sizes 7 to 14. About $30. Right: Fitted coat in luxurious all-wool broadcloth. Petite shawl collar of Seal fur. Ming blue, magenta, caramel or flame. Sizes 1 to 14. About $35. Matching hats available, about $4.

At your favorite store or write

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BAMBURY FASHIONS® • 520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.



HAIR—

the dashing-simplicity point of view

(More about the coiffure on page 68)

Above, one wonderful American way for hair to look, casual but sure of itself, smooth and unfussed, of a this-moment length. Specialist in just such hair looks: Breck, the company responsible for this and other shining, controlled coiffures and what keeps them going. End-of-summer hair, as the Breck brains know, tends to be neither shining nor controllable. Sensitive as skin, hair is most easily damaged when wet. Subjected to a season of salt water and wind-drying, it may have an unnerving resemblance to hay that can be discouraged by stimulating and lubricating cream treatments. One such cream, applied before and after shampooing, can be used in small amounts every day as an aid to management.

Although an occasional blonde benefits from sun-streaking, most hair just looks ragged—a disheartening aftermath that can be improved appreciably by colour blending with a temporary colour adjuster that evens out natural colour, has its own conditioning property.

Once revived, most coiffures will shape up and follow directions with the help of a spray that controls without lacquering or stiffening; the Breck version even comes in a purse size container, is good at catching up stray ends, at emergency repair work. Preparations involved in this maintenance plan: the Breck Cream Treatment; Breck Shampoo (three kinds—for dry, normal, or oily hair); Breck Stroke and Color; Breck Hair Set Mist.



excitement runs deep in pile coats of ORLON®

acrylic fiber

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR COAT SHOWN HERE.

*The excitement from **DAN MILLSTEIN**—a colossus collar on a sweep of **100% "Orlon"* acrylic backed with 50% triacetate, 50% modacrylic.** Wear the collar up as a standing ovation, or down as a prodigious Peter Pan. This is where way-out drama meets deep down warmth, and there's never a worry thereafter—no pamper, no storage with "Orlon". Young and flourishing in beige, brown or black. Sizes 6-16. About $90. At Engel-Fetzer, Cleveland; Hughes Hatcher Suffrin, Detroit; The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Gimbels, Milwaukee; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.*



duochromes

. . . in Conte black and bistre - with new shades and highlights

Citations' free sketch of the fall picture — with some strong accents added — shows black brightened with bistre. Heels and toes come to a vanishing point or are solidly squared. **12.99 to 14.99** at these and other fine stores: **Kann's,** Washington, D. C.; **Lit Bros.,** Philadelphia; **The Fair,** Chicago; **Macy's,** New York; **Adam, Meldrum & Anderson,** Buffalo; **Jordan Marsh Company,** Boston; **The Outlet Company,** Providence.

For names of other fine stores in your area, write:

by Citations

SOMERSWORTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE



excitement runs deep in pile linings of ORLON®

acrylic fiber

DU PONT
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Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER.
**"ORLON SAYELLE" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS BI-COMPONENT ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR COAT SHOWN HERE

Excitement by Faye Wagner for ***DANI JRS.****—a whole coatful of young ideas, beginning with the new shearling pile lining of* ***50% "Orlon"* acrylic, 50% "Orlon Sayelle"** acrylic, backed with 50% triacetate, 50% acetate*** *under 100% wool. Quite cavalier this, but never contrary with "Orlon" playing it cozy, looking costly, going from winter to winter without a care. Coat in red, green, gold with delectable chamois-toned pile lining. 3-15. About $70. Lytton's, Chicago; The Jenny Company, Cincinnati; The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Frank Murphy, St. Paul.*



FASHION OVERTONES.
SHADES OF AUTUMN
RICHLY MIXED BY JOYCE
TO BLAZE A COLORFUL TRAIL
AROUND TOWN.
WILLOWY LITTLE HEELETS
IN HARMONY WITH ALL YOUR
DASHING FASHION PLANS.
SOFT. SLIM. SUPPLE.
VERY DISTINCTIVELY JOYCE.
TOP: SHADY LANE. CENTER: BAMBOO LACE.
BOTTOM: FRONTIER STRIP.



Picture you in this new Oxford of "Dacron"® and cotton

polyester fiber

Majestic loves this soft, fresh, unfailingly wash and wear Oxford! That's the sure beauty of 65% "Dacron"* polyester and 35% cotton, now in the sort of finer-than-fine shirting you've always hankered for. Smooth, creamy, elegant . . . yet it stays fresh all day long. Washes happily. Never needs more than the kiss of an iron. Have it in white, bittersweet, oatmeal, campus blue or pink, mallard green, golden wheat. 8-18. Pleat-front shirt, about $8. Roll-sleeve shirt, $5. Slightly higher on West Coast. At The Higbee Company, Cleveland; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Macy's, Kansas City; B. Altman & Co., New York; and Stix, Baer & Fuller, in St. Louis.

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*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabric or fashions shown. Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

for that
REGAL®
feeling



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ENTRÉE

de Liso debs



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Burlington Tricot Fabrics for this new,–take-it-easy knit (of Arnel triacetate and nylon). Traveling? This will pack into a light bit of wrinkle-free pleasure, be ready to wear on arrival. And Celanese admires its novel diamond pattern.

Celanese selects

Mendel's half-size jacket dress as a fine example of the knitted look: slim, feminine, and worldly. Slip off the jacket at sunset. The short-sleeved sheath below has the deep, round neckline that does you proud across a dinner table.

Celanese thanks

These fine stores for recognizing the importance of this new knit . . . Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Bullock's-Downtown, Los Angeles; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Rich's, Atlanta; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago . . . and for bringing it to you in black, magenta, teal blue, polar blue, or pinetone; sizes 12½-24½; for about $35.

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And who adapted Simonetta's collection for little American signorine? What fabrics did they choose? What colors did they use? Per favore, to discover all . . . . . **TURN THE PAGE**

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Attenzione! Key to fashions shown on previous two pages.

MODE KIDDIE (1,3) flares two coats, one with a cape, one from a gently fitted waist. Both, in woven fabrics of **65% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber, 35% wool.** Such bright young shapes Italianesque! And "Orlon" keeps them that way! Sizes 7-14. Cape coat, red, Kelly green, about $35. Fitted coat, heather brown or green, red, charcoal, about $35.

YOLANDE (2) laces a velvet dress in the classic party way . . . shoulder-deep. And the velvet is all **Du Pont Nylon,** which means no crush, colors doubly lush. Brown, black, red. Sizes 7-12, about $35.

YOUNGLAND (4,8) knows little girls are partial to pleats, does them two ways. First: Pleat-top dress in broadcloth of **65% "Dacron"** polyester fiber and 35% cotton,** red or blue. "Dacron" keeps the red rich, the blue true. Sizes 7-14, about $13. Second: Pleat-skirt dress in Black Watch plaid of **50% "Orlon" acrylic fiber and 50% rayon,** shaped with a dropped waist and bias bodice. Pleats are in for keeps, thanks to "Orlon". Sizes 7-14, about $13.

BELLE (5,7) makes neatness count in a blouse, skirt and stretch pants. Blouse, broadcloth of **65% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 35% cotton.** The crisp is "Dacron", the checks are navy with white. Sizes 7-14, about $6. Pleats get off to a low start in a skirt of **55% "Orlon" acrylic fiber and 45% wool.** "Orlon" sharpens these pleats permanently. Navy only, sizes 7-14, about $9. Sleek stretch pants are poplin of **67% rayon, 33% Du Pont stretch nylon,** the stretch nylon that banishes wrinkles and sag. Black only, sizes 7-14, about $9.

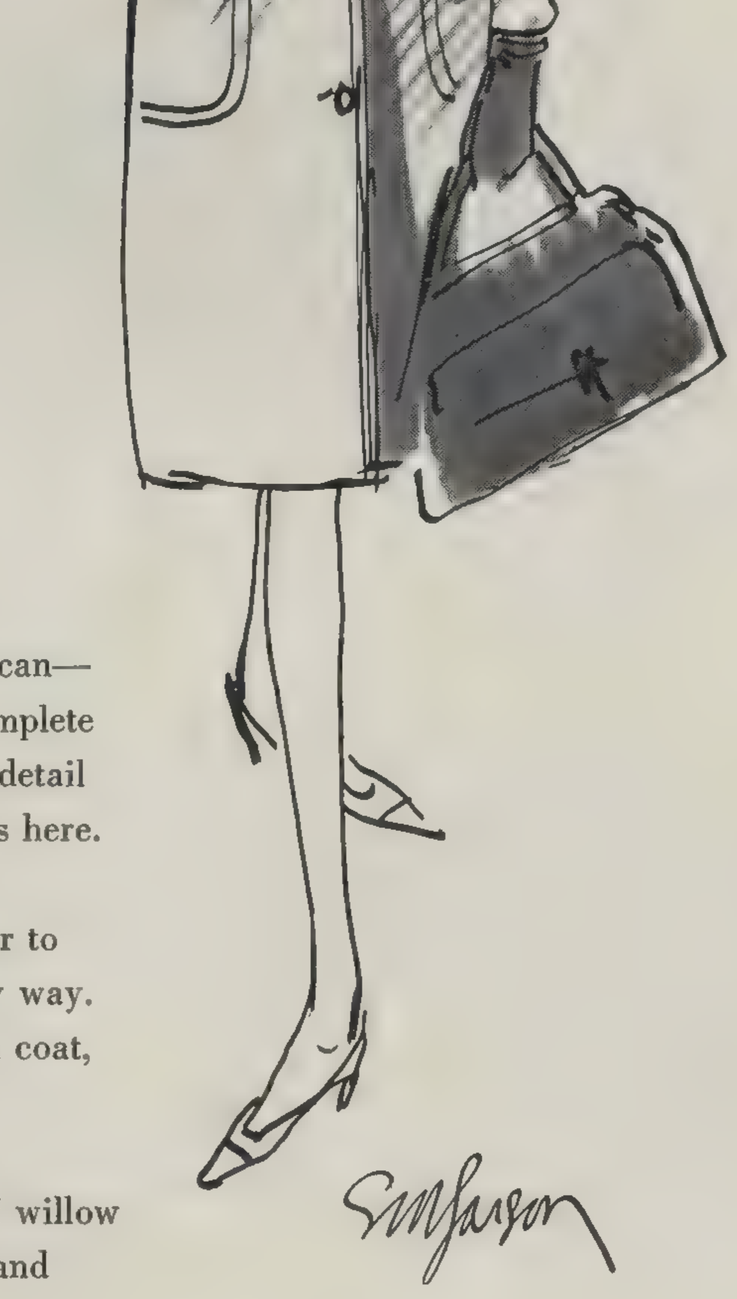
BURNEY EPSTEIN (6) knits up a fringed pullover of **"Orlon" acrylic fiber**—bulky, but, oh, so light! Quick-drying. And determined to stay in size and shape without blocking. Red and white knit only, sizes 7-14, about $9.

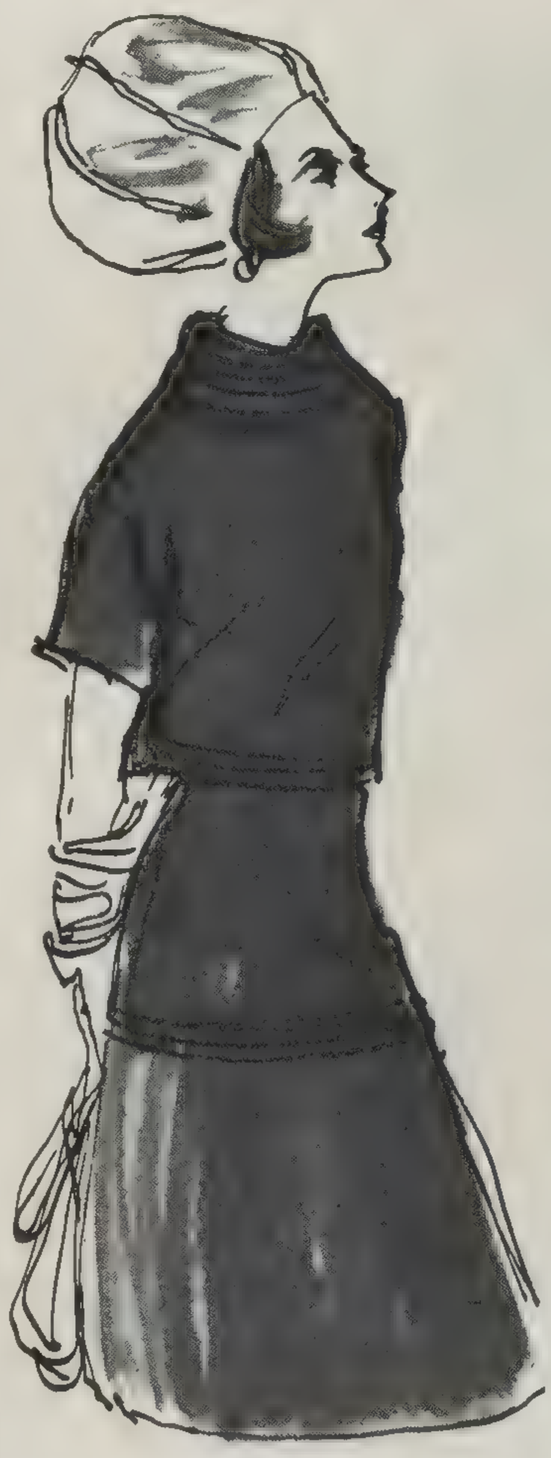
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YOUNG AND CERTAIN





Identifiably American—
the confident calm, complete
absence of extraneous detail
of the two young looks here.
They are planned, but
unselfconscious, appear to
arrive at chic the easy way.
Above: Lean cardigan coat,
patch-pocketed,
entirely without fuss.
By March & Mendl of willow
green rayon, acetate, and
nylon twill laminated
with Scott Foam
(Princeton fabric); about $35.
Left: Navy-blue overblouse
and skirt, addicted to travel,
but willing to handle
almost any day assignment.
Both of double knitted worsted.
About $35. Coat and dress:
Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.

bobri



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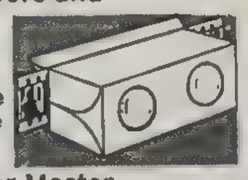
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SHOP

. . . latest shopping developments



Aerosol bottle—and what goes into it: Violet perfume mist, by Tuvaché; at right in its spray case, ready to whiff on; at left, the refill, a click-in cartridge. The works, $5 plus tax. Jay Thorpe, 24 W. 57th St., New York 19.



Shell earrings, wound with spiralling threads of gilt and crowned with coral. Of Egyptian pearl shell; $28 tax inc., ppd. Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street, New York 22, N.Y.



Slim, supple alligator billfold—a handsome gift for a man or for a woman. In black or brown: $35 plus tax. By Rolfs, at Saks 34th, 100 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.



Black silk knitted pants of the hard-to-find variety, involved here with a silk-and-wool jersey shirt, basically black, lightly overprinted with plum-coloured flowers, aqua leaves. Sizes 8-14. Pants, $50; shirt, $33. Veneziano, 819 Madison Ave., New York 21, New York.

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HOUND

Scotland in August



The pleasures of Scotland in August can be as glossy as a world première—or as pure country Gaelic as a grouse shoot on the moors.

The annual Edinburgh Festival—directed this year by the Queen's cousin, the Earl of Harewood—packs into three short weeks enough concerts, operas, plays, ballet, revues, and art exhibits to spin heads and make choosing a matter of research in depth or flipping a coin. There are eight different attractions underway every evening (except Sundays, when there's only music). Molière, Shakespeare, Lawrence Durrell, Gluck, Benjamin Britten, Schoenberg: these are just a few names culled from the programme. The dates: August 20 to September 9. Eagerly expected: The first British production of *Sappho*, a play in verse by Lawrence Durrell. The world première of *August for the People*, by Nigel Dennis. And this dark horse: a new musical play by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, whose macabre meditations produced *The Visit*.

At the Royal Scottish Academy on Princes Street, the wall-by-wall excitement will be the "Ingres to Picasso" show excerpted by Douglas Cooper from Zurich's magnificent Bührle collection of French painting.

For traditionalists—and even people who never thought they were—the Military Tattoo played most nights on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle (massed pipers and Highland dancing, staged by searchlight) is nothing short of An Experience.

Reservations for tickets and lodgings can be made through the American Express, Thomas Cook, or Dean & Dawson Ltd. Ticket prices range from about fifty cents to $5 a seat. And bear in mind that Edinburgh weather is brisk in August—sometimes brutally cold.

Chief among the non-spectator pleasures is grouse hunting. The opening date of the grouse season in August is known as the "Glorious Twelfth," and some Scotsmen even use an exclamation point after the date. The system: grouse moors can be rented—usually by five or six guns together. A moor is a vast up-hill, down-dale spread of heather, streaked with amber-coloured streams; *ghillies* (or game keepers) come with it. There are two types of Shoots: the simple way, "walking-up," involves walking for miles with the dogs, who flush up the grouse; the "grand shoot," or "driven" grouse method, has "butts" where the guns sit and wait while an army of beaters drives the game towards them. At specific hotels with shooting privileges, "driven" grouse, including board and lodging, cost $440 a week for one gun; "walking-up," about $220 a week.

For salmon fishing, a year-round sport, one also rents a "beat," which is five or six miles of river bank, also stocked with *ghillies*, who have a way of sounding sore-throated when they pronounce local names of flies. Some hotels provide special arrangements for salmon fishing; prices vary with the beat, the season.

In Aberdeenshire, the Braemar Gathering, with its extraordinary Highland games, will be held this year on September 7, and the Queen is the Patron. The Games are rather like an enormous athletic meet—with bagpipes added. Scotsmen in tartans and kilts watch from the bandstand and from parked cars. Mountains circle the arena, their slopes covered in heather that's the colour of wine at this season. The Braemar specialty calls for balance and muscle: tossing the Caber, a pole the size of a small telephone pole. This year for the first time, Braemar Castle, a seventeenth-century ménage on the River Dee, will be open to visitors. For reservations for the Gathering, write to: Secretary, Braemar Royal Highland Society, Braemar, Aberdeenshire.

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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: FASHION TO BUY... TO KEEP...TO THINK ABOUT GIVING UP

At this moment, a cool eye is what goes best with a racing fashion pulse. It's a time of deciding the right place to be in fashion right now, of anticipating exactly where the American collections, previewed in this issue, are taking you, and of asking three important questions.

what's on the RISE

That's easy. There's an advanced screening complete with script and pictures on the next sixteen pages: the new clothes looks; the accessories that make fashion; the rising colours and fabrics—and how to wear them.

what's on the WANE

That's a bit trickier to spot. What you have in your clothes file now, and wear with pleasure because it looks right, makes good fashion sense. Those clothes we say—keep; but what we don't say is—invest in more of the same. The very nature of fashion is change, which makes it essential to anticipate the long-term line coming in, the fashion ideas that will pay off by being around for a while. Some of the fashion ideas that no longer command the view: peg-topped skirts tapered at the hem, and too-narrow skirts . . . bib necklaces, masses of one-colour beads, outsize beads . . . *too*-wide hair . . . the anonymous coat . . . enormous bags, except for travel . . . wrist-long sleeves on day dresses . . . overpowering collars . . . neon-coloured day looks . . . the waist-gripping belt . . . "the collector's wrist"—all disks and memorabilia chained to the arm . . . innocuous colours in lingerie and girdles . . . the sweater that's sharply waisted.

what's STAYING

Jersey and knitted everything . . . fur-lined coats . . . stoles on the straightaway . . . the longer glove . . . the return of the part in hair . . . the fur hat . . . the long, covered-up evening dress . . . the beaded evening sheath . . . the evening dress and coat fabrics that look like beaten gold or silver or bronze, which is by no means baser . . . many of the things that anyone with long-range fashion antennae took up last season, maybe before, maybe when they first appeared in Vogue.

**The new
side-tilted hat**

Coming in now:

CLOTHES TO CHANGE YOUR MIND

What will they look like—the new fashions? Ask a harmless question and get an answer that may rock you back on your firmly planted fashion feet. Anyone who has counted on the certain safety play or seeing more of the sameness is in for an appetizing reappraisal. The look has a dashing appeal—the clothes, nervy, noticeable, with tendencies to produce stars. Enter any roomful this season and expect to discover not a personality or two but very possibly—a roomful. Find there certainly a number of the changes shown here and on the next four pages and these pleasing prospects: The exciting coat over the bland dress. The side-tilted hat. The almost fitted look in suits, in coats. The little fur necklace. The long necklace for day. Straight stoles; some with their own dresses. Fuzzed fabrics. The bare, collarless, barely fitted dress. Colours—muted and glowing; see pages 52 to 61. Lipstick-coloured lipstick (no washouts). The day-drop earring. Big fake rings. Smaller beads twisted high at the neck. The fur jacket that's most of a suit look. Fur hems. Flat furs added to suits. Giant plaids and checks. Navy blue for winter, best with black fur. White fur coats for day. The high waist, occasionally. Longer suit jackets. Black for big evenings. Suède coats for city days. Sweaters with lots of nubs, colossal textures. Velvet—often for day. The longer glove, sometimes lined, to wear with short-sleeved coats. SIDEWAYS HAT: A sleek tilt of the snakeskin that fashion's so bitten with now. Black cobra; brim of black hair seal. By Adolfo of Emme. L. S. Ayres; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. The stemmed-tulip pin (deep mauve enamel), at Altman's. THE COAT: the re-appearing waist emerges, a refreshing smallness above a dart of skirt. Brown and white coming-at-you checks on French wool. By Ben Reig, ready September 1. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Hat: John Frederics.

The fitted coat; giant checks

HORST



Longer gloves; shorter sleeves



More straws in the fashion-wind now—longer gloves, left, that edge under shorter sleeves, sometimes with inner news of wool or silk lining that offers handfuls of bulkless warmth. These, beige kidskin. By Kislav; about $14 at Best & Co.; Hutzler's; I. Magnin.

Above, uncurly hair, a smooth and asymmetrical sweep showing under a black felt hat that's small and worn with a slight side tilt. Hat by Lilly Daché. Bleached white mink necklace, $115 plus tax. Both at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Charles of the Ritz.

At right, part of the new velvet-thinking that's changing day and night looks now. Here, a black cotton velvet late-day suit, edged in black satin binding; the sleeveless blouse, white silk satin. Mink chéchia. Both by Christian Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Fashion news wrap-up: the straight stole, right, never bigger or better than now over dresses, suits, coats. This, salt-and-pepper wool tweed over its own grey wool dress. Purple felt hat. All by Gustave Tassell. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Dawnelle gloves.

Upper right: The day-drop earring, made here of textured gilt, a small globe dropping a bigger one—both, with spiralled fluting. By Trifari; $5 plus tax, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

HORST

The day-drop earring

The stole dress

Straight, smooth hair
for small,
sideswept hats

The velvet
renaissance

White opossum—
part of the new
white-fur-for-day
thinking

The little fur necklace

The longer necklace—
one strand of jewels

HORST

The new white dinner suit

Dazzling idea on its way In—white fur for daytime (night-lighting, of course, is in its wearing-contract, too).

Far left, a snowfall of Australia's first white opossum; this, skinned horizontally. By Fredrica; about $1250* at Halle Bros.; Hudson's. Near left, more new dazzle: the new longer-length necklace in fake jewels, pendant-bearing. This one, red and green stones with fake pearl drop. By Schreiner; $36*. At Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr. Another kind of necklace for a coat or suit—the fur necklace, shown above (another, one page back). Here, it's natural Russian sable, made on a tidy, new neck-size clip; by Reiss & Fabrizio; about $155*. Also at Frost Bros. The natural Russian sable hat by Sally Victor. The night-white idea, at right: a dinner suit of white silk serge with cardigan glittered by beads, a beaded chiffon overblouse. By Teal Traina; Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; Joseph Magnin. Hat: Lilly Daché.

*PLUS TAX

THE COLOURS THAT PACE THE FASHION NEWS

Ever spend an August day with an impossible shopping list?—Impossible because all those neat, precise notes turned out to be so many blanks when you slipped over the summer-line into shops filled with exciting autumn clothes beamed to a quite new fashion eye; clothes that turned your original list into a ticker tape of clichés. If you've had a look at the preceding pages of fashions coming in, this particular shopping trauma will probably not be yours this year. Not, at any rate, if you also cue yourself now about this year's colours—clothes colours, shoe colours, and make-up changes, tipped here and on the next eight pages. A colour mistake now can turn into an expensive bore for months to come. Going, if not gone, are the insistent neon colours—the supercharged greens, blazing yellows, and Easter-egg purples. What's playing now: soft, not-to-be-pinned-down shades that shy away, becomingly, from over-intensity. "Becoming" is their first fashion message. Blues and greens are seen through an autumn haze that gives them the subtlety of flagstone and slate colours. Reds have a look of berries, brick tones, or cedar. Greens, also earthbound in the most appealing way, can be as deep as privet, as mysterious as olive-leaf or tea-green. And in every colour, wools are sometimes shagged or fuzzy, often worn with smooth, kitten-nap fabrics dyed exactly the same shade. Anyone for aubergine? It's back in force, with all its famous nothing-like-it flattery for women who think purple but couldn't always manage the neon purples. Also on the list of reviving revivals: grey, a power so special, so good, that we have only one rule for it—try some. And when those first shopping notes begin to appear on paper, let them have some flexibility and a certain number of comments along the margin saying such things as, "maybe better with oxblood shoes" and "try clay-beige before deciding." . . .
Some of the looks to look for, detailed with swatches on the next pages.

The make-up changes for the new clothes colours

Clippings from the beauty-room floor (opposite) which show how faces are taking the clothes colours. *For eyes: paler shadows* of misty blue, jewel green, smoked violet, applied in *wedge shapes* that start at the inner corner, running up from eye to brow, then slanting down to the outer corner. This shadow shape gives the illusion of natural depth to eyes, a certain pretty slenderness to the bridge of the nose. *For mouths: a lift at the corners,* painted on by brush, naturally, in a shape planned on a smile. Poppy pinks, vermilions, clovery mauves are the lipstick colours that respond beautifully to the grey-lavender shadows at eye-level. *For the all-over of faces:* faint film of colour touched on by foundation—beige with some rosiness, cream with a slice of peach. *New mystery factor in faces:* eyebrows, sometimes obscured by versions of the new down-drafted, one-sided coiffures.

What shoes count now

Shoe shapes and colours with big fashion commitments; the toes, squared, flattened or narrowed. 1. Wine-dark calfskin slipper, with slender toe and shiny bows; Charles Jourdan. 2. Lacquered shadow-green lizard with slim toe; Margaret Jerrold. 3. Rose-brown patent leather opera pump, square toe; Herbert Levine. 4. Glossy black lizard strapped pump with square toe; Millerkins. 5. Burnt-red lizard shoe, square toe; Delman. 6. Cedar-brown calfskin shoe with instep strap; Saks Fifth Avenue. 7. Black calfskin country shoe, square toe; Entree. 8. Grained calfskin walking shoe in cedar-brown family, flat toe; Andrew Geller. *Coats—what's In inside:* a bright flash of fur lining. This, natural red fox, dazzling under a coat of rain-forest green brushed wool ratine (Stroock fabric); by Matlin. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Stockings by Archer; shoes by Pappagallo. Make-up by Estée Lauder.

For more details about shoes and accessories, see page 127.

PALUMBO


6
7
8

What colours count now

Starting here—six pages of the new colour-excitement for autumn, 1961; the colours shown by snippets of the 1961 fabrics they'll appear in. On these two pages, the new blaze of reds, coppers, and ginger-browns, woven into some of the most delicious cloths ever: wool crêpes, woven wools that look crocheted, fleeces, and tweeds. Further details about these new colours and fabrics, on page 122.

Right: The scarf coat—new dash for autumn, newest of all here in brown-and-ginger plaid wool tweed; superb for travelling, country, town. The scarf, a fling of the same tweed, fringed, hinged at the back of the collar. Coat, in Forstmann wool, by Dan Millstein; about $130, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jenny's; Wm. H. Block. The brown felt hat by Emme. Details of the accessories: page 122. Make-up for the new spice browns, by Scandia.



New reds—
with
lots of ginger

PALUMBO





Colours of wood and stone, ploughed fields, heathery moors; the green of hedges, grey of stone walls—all look suddenly wonderful, not only in the countryside from which they came, but in town. More about them, on page 122. *Left:* Greyed-brown coat of wool Melton cloth cut out, in three-quarter length, for autumn in the city; grey wool flannel dress. Coat and dress, in Anglo wool, by Maurice Rentner. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer. Emme hat. Details of the accessories, page 122. Make-up for neutrals: Juliette Marglen.

PALUMBO

Colour naturals— out of the woods





Magenta-to-pinks; blues clued in

In fashion now—the pinky magenta-reds, from reddish-mauve to dark eggplant. And, from the same end of the spectrum: blues, pale to brilliant—newest of all, the intense brighter-than-navy blue called space blue. It's sometimes mixed with the pinky reds, deliciously, in tweeds, plaids, prints; for which, see left. For further details about these colours and fabrics, see page 122.

Left: Almost-fitted suit, in an into-1962 colour —eggplant-purple. The wool is subtly plaided; the jacket, subtly—and newly—fitted; the look, marvellous for right now. By Laird Knox; suit of Chantal fabric, plum-coloured worsted jersey overblouse of Jasco fabric. About $190. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Hat by Emme. The make-up by Helena Rubinstein. Accessories: see page 122.

PALUMBO

Beauty:
when brains are better than luck

Brains—when mentioned in the same gasp as beauty—are mostly misinterpreted. For instance, there's a theory that brainy women want to invent can openers or better mousetraps or the Dixie cup. Or they want to run for something like President. That, if they do, they have almost certainly missed the beauty boat. That their looks are, to put it gently, almost negligible. What we really think is this: Women will invent an okay can opener if it's absolutely essential, but basically they can—and will—have some resourceful man do it for them, because (a) they may feel more like inventing an electronic computer, and (b) men invent can openers very well indeed. Some of these not very rare females appear in the cradle, or at twenty, or even a bit beyond twenty, blessed not only with ingenuity, but with superb bone structure, ravishing skin, and Praxiteles features. Luck gives them a headstart. They're luckiest earliest. For the curious thing is, that at that moment in time when the non-Praxiteles woman faces a mirror candidly, recognizes what she has working for her and what she hasn't, and then sets about using her head to emphasize the first and all but throw away the latter—at that moment the gap between beauty born and beauty achieved begins to narrow. With the first true moment of decision comes, usually, a flurry of application, of preoccupation with learning the facts that make contemporary beauty. Brains matter here, because even the woman who has some beauty knowledge on tap can squander too much time feeding on miscellaneous, not necessarily sound ideas. She can, in point of dismal fact, become a bore—to the world, and eventually, to herself. The woman we have in mind, however, won't let this happen. For one thing, she'll take herself seriously enough to make a point of finding out where the pay-dirt is, where the contemporary experts are—the best hairdresser, the best make-up person, the fact-mines in print, the top medical advice. Knowing that looks count, that looks can be had, and that only a beauty-moron would miss the chance to pick up this option, she will then apply herself to realism. By which we mean striking a nice balance between the investment of time and the percentage of return. (Nobody, and we're prepared to bet our last big important pin or our new fake ring on this, can live for—or on—looks alone.) For instance, with a small battery of specialized devices, she will learn to extract the last ounce of good will from a relatively simple range of cosmetics. The lipstick brush, the scrap of silk sponge for foundations, the thin pencil for sketching in *(Continued on page 124)*

Fashion that makes beauty— an opossum necklace, a dashing new proof this year that fur close to the face is a flattering idea on any beauty brain's list. Right beside it, too, as a beauty-maker, this velvet orb hat—velvet for day—in Cinzano brown. Australian opossum choker, about $40 plus tax at Lord & Taylor. The hat by Irene of New York. Both the choker and hat also at Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

HORST





INGER ABRAHAMSEN

SUSANNAH YORK, the nineteen-year-old English actress whose blond, well-mannered, milk-drenched good looks, rather like an advertisement for facial soap, provide part of the extraordinary glow in *Loss of Innocence,* an engaging English movie here next month. What *Loss of Innocence* has is characters who, despite a story line encompassing robbery, homosexuality, rape, and violent death, manage to seem people one would be delighted to have for the weekend. What Susannah York has is a special, healthy charm so direct that it connects instantly. Asked by Vogue's photographer to look a certain way, she giggled ("I'm a bloody awful actress is the answer"), composed herself, achieved the expression, and jumped up to order cinnamon toast all around.



TIEPOLO, *left,* one of the hundred and thirty-five superb Tiepolo drawings in the exhibition opening September 15 at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Theatrical, fantastic, and lyrical, these wash drawings flowed from Tiepolo's hands from 1725 to 1762, and they include a group from the great Würzburg Palace decorations. Now nearly priceless, these drawings were sold at public auction for ten cents each to London's Victoria and Albert Museum eighty years ago. From Washington, the extraordinary and newly catalogued collection, piloted by the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service, will go to museums in Worcester, Massachusetts; Houston, Texas; Los Angeles, and Chicago, ending its tour in New York.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

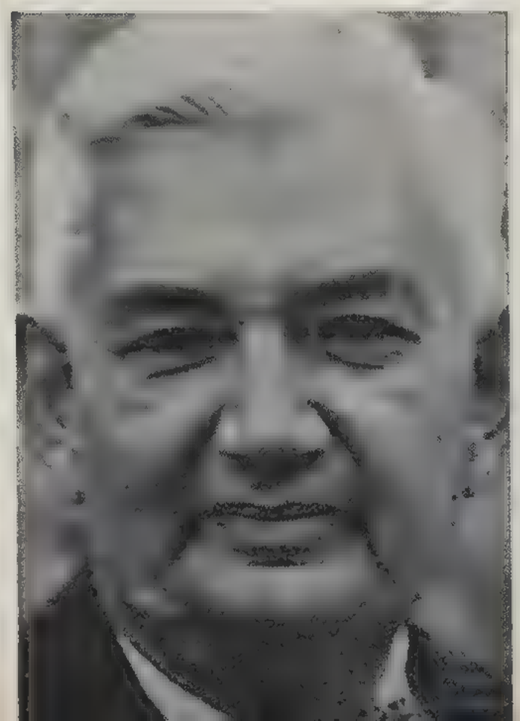
ADVANCE NOTICE



JERRY HERMAN, *above,* a young, versatile composer with the unslaked pull of a leashed lion, springs this season from topical capsule revues to musical drama. He has written the music and lyrics for two fall shows: one, *Milk and Honey,* starring Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon, is set in Israel, will play on Broadway; the other, *Madame Aphrodite* (written by Tad Mosel who dramatized the Pulitzer prize winner, *All the Way Home*) will play, like Mr. Herman's recent hit revues, *I Feel Wonderful, Nightcap,* and *Parade,* off-Broadway.

ROBERT WARD AND BERNARD STAMBLER, *right,* collaborate as composer and librettist for their second opera, based on *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller, to open October 26 at the New York City Center. Their first opera, *He Who Gets Slapped,* sparked flurries of critical pleasure for its dramatic surge and musical profile. One critic, Louis Biancolli, wrote: "There is no shirking the big scene or the high shriek." Both scholars in their fields, Mr. Ward has composed four symphonies and many choral and instrumental works; Mr. Stambler, an historian, wrote *Dante's Other World, the "Purgatorio" as Guide to the "Divine Comedy."*





DOUGLAS MOORE, *left,* the superbly inventive American composer whose opera, *The Wings of the Dove,* with a libretto by Ethan Ayer, will be done for the first time October 12 by the New York City Opera. Working native idioms into operatic complexity, Moore has written such melodic, theatrical operas as *The Ballad of Baby Doe, The Devil and Daniel Webster,* and *Giants In the Earth.*



ANGUS MCBEAN

PAUL SCOFIELD AND ROBERT BOLT, *left* and *below*, Scofield the star and Bolt the playwright—of *A Man for All Seasons*, arriving in New York from London this winter. Here as in the London production, Scofield has the rôle of Sir Thomas More, whose more or less passive resistance to Henry VIII led to his beheading in 1535, to his beatification in 1886, his canonization in 1935. Of this play, rich with Elizabethan imagery and some of More's own speeches, Bolt once said: "In a naturalistic play a chap comes on and says 'I have just got off the Number Thirty-one bus.' . . . I thought that by dropping back four or five centuries I might be able to stop talking about Thirty-one buses."



MARK GERSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... ADVANCE NOTICE

GOOGIE WITHERS, *below*, a deeply accomplished, oddly entrancing English actress who for seasons has won British audiences with crack theatre, television, and movie performances, now makes her first Broadway appearance this fall in Graham Greene's comedy, *The Complaisant Lover*. Her rôle: the uncomplaisant wife of a joky dentist, who comes into her own by escaping briefly to Amsterdam with an antiquarian bookseller. Sir Michael Redgrave, as the cuckolded husband with an excruciating wit for dental metaphors, spars for the seventh round with Miss Withers. They have teamed in three movies, three plays; two plays, Shakespearean.



"A NEW LIFE," a fine comic novel by Bernard Malamud, who has a feeling for fiction so sure that he once wrote an improbably compelling novel (*The Assistant*) set almost entirely in a delicatessen. Out in October, *A New Life* is about a bearded New Yorker named Levin, thirty-years-old when he strikes out to make a fresh start teaching English in a Northwestern agricultural college. Trailing his city boy's burden of guilt and failure, Levin arrives suddenly in that country where all is *tabula rasa*, where every apple seems intact on the Tree of Knowledge, where implacably innocent creatures congratulate one another on the weather, make love under trees, and "quote from memory the latest *Consumer Reports* ratings." Levin alone survives.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER, *right*, in the television production of Graham Greene's strong, ambiguous novel, *The Power and the Glory*, a two-hour CBS special on Sunday, November 26. In this adaptation by Dale Wasserman, Olivier plays Greene's unwilling saint, the last priest left in one of the southern states of Mexico during the anti-clerical period of the early thirties. Sick with doubt, fear, whiskey, and the conviction of his own sin, the priest holds forbidden Masses, risks his life to obtain wine for the sacraments, finally walks knowingly into a trap set by the Revolutionists and to what he can only consider his own damnation. With Olivier: Julie Harris, Patty Duke, Martin Gabel, Fritz Weaver (who, incidentally, played the Olivier rôle in the 1958 off-Broadway production of *The Power and the Glory*), and other solid, expensive, shoot-the-works Names.



IN THE GARDEN OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BERNOUDY OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"BIRTH OF THE MUSES," *left*, a marvellous bronze in the exhibition, "Fifty Years of Lipchitz Sculpture," at New York's Otto Gerson Gallery from November 7 to December 2; later the exhibition goes to Cornell University. In amassed beauty, the fifty works reveal the virtuosity of Lipchitz from the 1911 fluid "encounters," 1920 portraits, the Cubist guitarists, massive religious bronzes, to the final triumphant "Sacrifice" of 1961.

ROBERT MORSE, *below*, a paperback-sized funnyman, after only three plays on Broadway is a star with Rudy Vallee in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, a new musical comedy by Frank Loesser and Abe Burrows. In this pleasurable pasquinade, Mr. Morse, as a kookie young employee, gaffs his way to success. As the corporation president, Mr. Vallee looks, at sixty, exactly like Rudy Vallee—but without a megaphone.





Clothes for certain young Americans

Some young women arrive naturally at a way of dressing that coincides precisely with the tempo of their times; their impact slices in somewhere between the smash of first-run fashion and the lull of the sweater-and-a-single-string-of-pearls approach.

This is a look men like, believe just happens, and women who haven't it envy, recognizing its fashion thinking as almost psychic perception. How to keep on keeping this imprint of the era? By not standing still, for one thing. On these ten pages: some Next Moves for those certain young Americans—any one of which could, too, be a single smart phase in the wardrobe of quite another style of woman.

Opposite: The great off-the-beaten-track kind of luxury that makes some of the standard luxuries seem tiresome. A throw-on coat of orangish-brown, lined everywhere (sleeves too) with a rara avis fur —ravishing, tufty, tawny Vicuña. Under it, a bland string of a dress; beige double-knitted wool, two-piece by Coleknits. About $60. Coat by Style Trends in Anglo fluffy mohair and wool. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

Right: The enviable That's a *raincoat?* variety of. Nicely narrow, double-breasted Chesterfield with the burnt brown of cognac—its colour. By Weatherbee in water-allergic wool and mohair, about $55 at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

Left: Last year perhaps this effortless look would have been one-colour; now marmalade blouses over camel. By Sloat: the blouse of double-knitted wool, about $28; the sashed skirt, Stroock basket-weave wool, about $35 at Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. The square-toed pumps by Bally of Switzerland. The sofa on these pages from John Vesey. For shops in other cities, see listing, page 124.

KAREN RADKAI







For certain young Americans



Protective colours that merge with the scenery are not part of this year's picture. What's immediate: warm, identifying colours that emerge from their background at home and around. *Opposite:* The Long Pull in chamois colour, hipping over rosy Paisley pants, cut nearer the ankle than other years. The Catalina sweater is knitted wool; about $18. Wool challis pants: Mister Pants; about $25. Both: Best & Co.; Dayton's. Capezio shoes. Dashing simplicity coiffure—like the others on these pages—by Breck Salon.

Left: Condensed dressing—navy-blue helmet, a sleeved blouse, pumpkin skirt—all one entity. The big, bumbledy knitted jacket twines the two colours. By Goldworm in knitted wool. The works, about $70 at Peck & Peck.

Right: Navy blue has a knack when it's back of looking never-before. Other news here: knitted two-pieceness; canoe neckline; funnel skirting. By Goldworm in wool. About $50 at Peck & Peck. The brown of Mr. John's silk hat delivers the punchline.

More shops, on page 124.



For certain young Americans



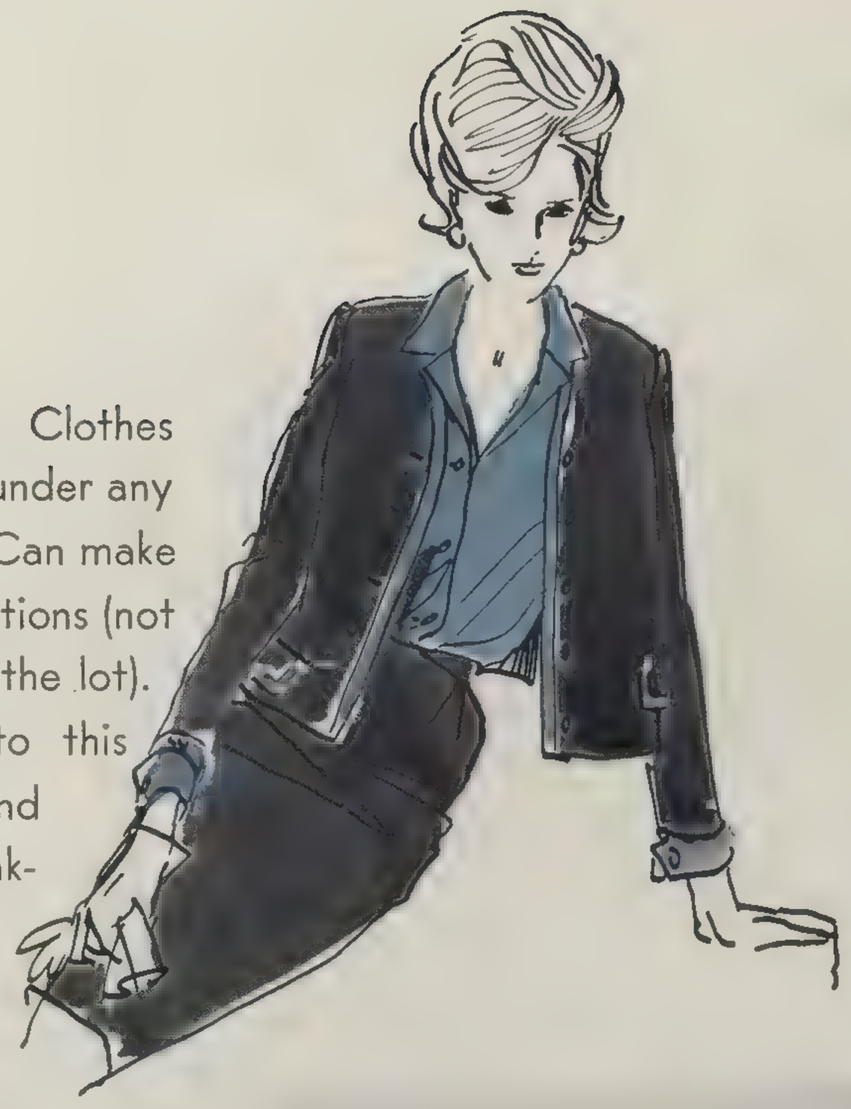
Skirt variety is just one spice of this slice-of-life approach. Included out: bunchiness. Included in: definite, no-maybe-about-them shapes. *Left:* Bold country-thinking, visibility unlimited. Swan-necked, dark, loamy-brown sweater; pumpkin cardigan; brown-sprinkled white tweed skirt with box-pleats in the large economy size. Pull-over, about $12; cardigan, about $12. Both by Colebrook in lamb's wool and fur blend. Sloat wool skirt, about $25. All at Henri Bendel; Hudson's. *Right:* Thought for the first walking dress of this autumn —putty knitted wool overblouse, funnel skirt of wool, plaided in white, putty. By Sacony. Overblouse, about $12; skirt, about $15. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Mr. John hat. *Far right:* The Mind's Eye Suit—could be imagined by many young women for many endeavors including peace of mind about what to wear. Sleeveless blouse—putty. Cardigan, speedy black skirt. By Kimberly in knitted wool. About $70 at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. For shops in other cities see page 124.

KAREN RADKAI





For certain young Americans



KAREN RADKAI

The Brass-Tacks Clothes can exist anywhere under any fashion conditions. Can make their own new conditions (not a one-piece look in the lot).

Opposite: Built into this easy-stance: black and white diagonals making knitted wool newness, an opportunity (canoe neck, shortest suit sleeves on record) for uncounted other looks. By Talbott, about $65. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson. Envelope opera pumps: Bally of Switzerland at Altman's.





Right: Easiest look here because it's so completely unconcerned. A sky-blue rayon crêpe blouse under a knitted grey wool suit; the cardigan bound about with sky blue. Mr. Mort Sportswear, junior sizes; about $56. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel.

Left: The Long Pull revisited by the semblance of an Empire waist. String-coloured wool jersey pulled over cranberry waffle woven wool. The pull, about $12, the skirt, about $18, at Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr.

Right: Midnight grey knitted wool (suit-impact here) with a scallopy top. So compelling as a whole, it seems uncalled for to think of this separately. By Lawrence Knitwear. About $40 at Peck & Peck; Frederick & Nelson. Mr. John hat. Shops other cities, see page 124.

For certain young Americans

If sweaters are changed personalities, it's the long pull every time, a waist-missing shape, with goings on at the neckline that take the becomingness place of that not-seen-in-these-parts-lately little string of pearls.

Left: A slink of a knitted silk sweater, light blue, has a swan's neck, with snake's hips, slides over black knitted wool pants. Sweater, about $25. Pants, about $30. Both by Cortina, at Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

Right: The life of this one begins at five—six. Pumpkin-coloured, canoe-necked cashmere sweater with a late-day-ish sash and a wow of a dinner-partner stole. By Ballantyne. Sweater, about $35; stole, brown cashmere, about $60. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.

Opposite: Great depth to this sweater, this look—a Long Pull, which seems to have been knitted on a giant's needles. The look's quality—the pairing of the black-white sweater with paleness—the parchment Crompton corduroy trousers. Darlene wool sweater, about $20; cotton pants by Pantino, $12. Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. Lifestride shoes, Lord & Taylor. Other shops, p. 124.



KAREN RADKAI









How to buy a mink coat

Once your mink moment has come, it's time for thought. Mink never boggles; it's a serious investment, serious in a way women recognize almost, but not quite, instinctively; from it they rightfully expect rewarding years of flattery, euphoria, elegance, and—incidentally—warmth. For the facts of mink investing, find the most reliable furrier you know, and talk to him as you might to your dentist; expert knowledge of skins and their workings is beyond the non-pro level, and it's only mink sense to look for good professional advice. Only legitimate to ask what techniques brought the skins to the special version of beauty that turns out to be for you. . . . Decide what you expect your mink to do, whether its life will be mostly day or night, town or country. Don't preconceive decisions about colour and shape; give yourself the all-included pleasure of trying many variations and mutations (of which there are now twelve, ranging from the darkest brown-black to palest beige and white, all produced by breeding and not by dyeing). When you find the one which, like moonlight, becomes you and goes with your hair, think separately about shapes. Resist the temptations of a fashion with an obvious dateline; remodelling (expensive, vexing) shouldn't cross your mind for four or five years. Skip the retarded coat that's too cautious, too dreary about fashion to look exciting in *any* year. If mink is not what you have in mind for night looks, the coat you'll live with happily ever after (or as ever as even mink can make it) is sporty as a pea jacket, careless as a bathtowel wrapper. Bone buttons have a heyday with these coats, which are often best when they're double-breasted or sash-belted. Ponder carefully the length-business. A three-quarter-length coat has some advantages, especially for evening, but can be disappointing with full skirts; if you're sure *your* style will always be straight skirts—have it anyway. The full-length coat offers the least argument to the clothes inside it, is usually the long-term preference; this, however, is only chic when it's no more than an inch longer than current clothes. (Hemlines being what they are now, it's comforting to know that as much as two and a half inches can be turned up at the hem of an old love of a mink without cutting.) You may be lucky enough to find a coat, already made, that is exactly right for you; but when it is made to order, you'll most certainly be fitted in a canvas pattern first—especially important if you choose a closely fitted style, or if you have any figure idiosyncrasies to consider. Mink skins are now being worked vertically, horizontally, sometimes diagonally. Try them, test their effects on your particular figure. Then when you finally plunge—plunge. Mink needs little pampering and lasts, with reasonable care, at least as long as you want it to (its main enemies: the moth and the cigarette). Wear it, wear it everywhere, take it travelling; enjoy, enjoy. And forget from the day you walk it out of the store that it's mink; think of it purely as pleasure.

MINK BALMACAAN, *opposite,* with a young, devastating look—buttoned like a polo coat; shortened sleeves, patch pockets. From Revillon, of "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mutation mink. Also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Miss Gloria Vanderbilt

New York's new beauty plunge

"The works"— a fresh version of beauty revamping in a unique new setting

A dream-structured luxury, emotionally sensational with cut-velvet walls, plentiful crystal chandeliers, gold spigots, echoes of Pompeii, the Louis' and other lovers of glory and grandeur, the new House of Revlon salon rests on a foundation of cool, canny planning. It was designed to give women a kind of practical beauty service that has not been found before in New York. That is the real luxury. And if the word "practical" seems out of tune with the dazzle of the décor, one has only to run an eye over the list of treatments on tap—anything from an hour-long pedicure to make-up designed for the lights it must live with (all kinds of lighting supplied on the spot) ; from a brisk Swedish shower, to a Roman milk bath in a sunken marble tub, to a simple bath-type bath; plus all the usual coiffure benefits in an ambience of plashing fountains, flowers, music.

How it works is shown on these four pages—with the part of a typical visitor to the House of Revlon charmingly played by Gloria Vanderbilt, the talented young actress, writer, and painter, who is in private life Mrs. Sidney Lumet, and the mother of two energetic boys. What a client can do, if she wishes, and what Miss Vanderbilt is doing, is this: she can enter the salon shortly before lunch-time, in her street clothes, with her dog, and a suitcase containing her dinner clothes. She can have her hair done, have lunch—with an *apéritif* if she likes—have a pedicure, a manicure, a facial massage, a body massage, a bath (therapeutic or not) ; be made up by a Revlon expert, and coiffed for the evening; dress, with the help of an experienced maid, and go straight to a pre-theatre dinner—looking ravishingly pretty, rested, and serene. Her street clothes, neatly brushed and pressed, will be sent home for her, and so will her dog—who has been, if not brushed and pressed, fed and entertained in the meantime.

(*More on the next two pages*)

Left: Miss Vanderbilt entering the Revlon boutique on Fifth Avenue; from here, a red-velvet-lined elevator whisks up to the calm, cool dazzle of the salon itself. She wears a brown-and-white wool tweed suit, the jacket, unfitted, with lining and collar of white American broadtail lamb; white wool jersey overblouse. By Samuel Winston; at Bonwit Teller.

Opposite page: Dabbling her feet in the scented pool in the central plaza, Miss Vanderbilt prepares for the pedicure routine. Her pink peignoir—the official House of Revlon vestment—was designed by Pierre Balmain.

HORST



Miss Vanderbilt with a Revlon make-up expert

The disappearing dryer



Main drying area: cool, airy



Manicure, pedicure, and lunch



New York's new beauty plunge

More beauty works at the House of Revlon—as experienced by a recent visitor, Gloria Vanderbilt. In the late summer, she is scheduled to start filming a new movie, *The Rich Boy*—from an F. Scott Fitzgerald story—directed by her husband, Sidney Lumet. About her afternoon at the Revlon Salon, Miss Vanderbilt said, "It's its own world—enormously relaxing. You just float from one thing to the next; nothing intrudes from the outside. You feel totally free of all responsibility. It's like being rocked in a cradle. . . . And I've never seen a place more luxurious. It outdoes any Hollywood set I've ever seen."

Large photograph, left: Make-up is put on in a white-and-gold room with *bronze doré* fittings, scallop-shell basin; on the stands are wigs. Another, smaller make-up room has switchable lighting that can duplicate any possible light-situation—daylight, dusk, candlelight—devised by Abe Feder, who lighted, among other spectacles, *My Fair Lady*, and *Camelot.*

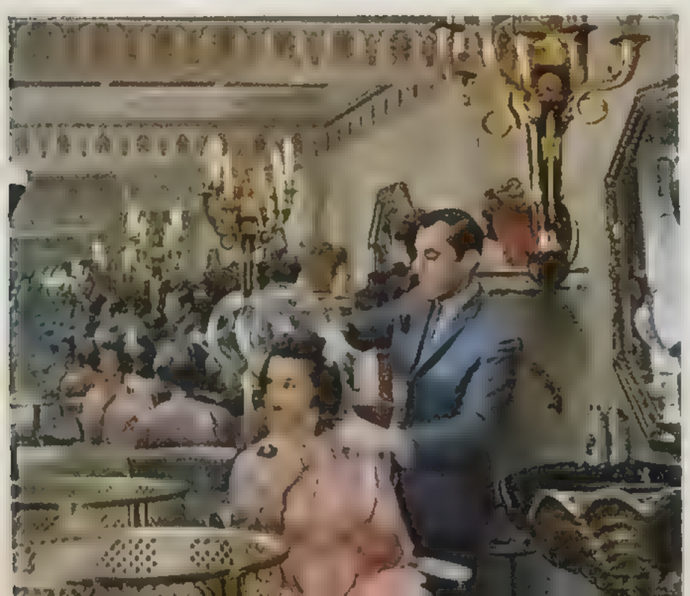
Lower left, opposite: Miss Vanderbilt telephones to the outside world from one of the white-gold-and-blue rooms where colouring, cutting, permanent waving and the like are done. Here, the gold-coloured dryers descend from the ceiling when needed; ascend again, noiselessly, when not in use.

Second from left: In the drying area, she stretches out on a mauve velvet bergère, legs propped on a tufted hassock.

Third from left: Lunch appears on a rolling cart while two famous Revlon specialties are given: manicure and pedicure.

Directly below: Miss Vanderbilt's hair gets a final combing-out and shaping from John Bernard, director of the salon. Then she'll go back to the expertly lighted, blue-velvet-and-brocade dressing-rooms to put on her evening clothes.

Right: Ready to go out to dinner, directly from the salon—no rushing home through the traffic jams to change—Miss Vanderbilt wears a full-length dinner sheath and jacket of brighter-than-navy-blue silk satin; the jacket has a small ruffle around the sleeves and hem. By Jane Derby; Henri Bendel. Jewellery, on all four pages, by Van Cleef & Arpels.



The final coiffing; then, ready to go — impeccably — to dinner

HORST



Strong words–strong plaids

Two city-country greatcoats, here, that speak for themselves—in a brave, clear voice. And the fashion-message comes across with equal clarity: one of the best coat moves you could make this autumn is a bold and plaided one. *Left:* Blues and greens crossed with black—a coat to think of in four-season terms. Mohair is what it's made of, and lightness is one strong point. By La Vigna; about $120. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel, Joseph Magnin. Lipstick: John Robert Powers' new Bright Blaze. *Right:* Proof again that, when the proportions are right, two of the most colourful things in fashion are black and white. Just-right proportions: a magnified coat-sweep of plaid. By Bud Kilpatrick, of wool alpaca. Grandoe gloves. Both: Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Montaldo's: I. Magnin. Emme hat.

KAREN RADKAI



Where the square toe
is going— is everywhere





And what it's going with is everything, city suits, country pants, late-day brocades, long evening dresses. The shoes here and on page 121 all belong to a new colour family—cedar brown. *Facing page:* Evening slipper of silk peau de soie with a dark-brown glow, its squared toe scattered with chips of cedar-brown stones; heels are slender but not tall. By Evins, about $65, at I. Miller. Stockings, a spice shade, Irresistible (Hanes seamless): Lord & Taylor. *Left:* Walking shoes in grained brown calfskin, stitched design; almost flat heels that go with pants as well as skirts. By Cobbies (Eisendrath leather), about $13, at Stern's. *Above:* Burnt red-brown snakeskin opera pump for afternoon, and still later, with the toe quite widely squared. By Newton Elkin (Fleming-Joffe leather), about $30, at Lord & Taylor. *Left below:* Darkened cedar, almost mahogany, suit shoe of calfskin; medium stacked heels, stitched soles. By Bally of Switzerland (A. C. Lawrence leather), about $27, at Altman's. *Middle below:* Shoe squaring up to city or country, in rusty brown calfskin, smaller than medium heel and leather tab from toe to throat. By Julianelli, about $37, at Lord & Taylor. *Right below:* Suède the colour of cedar, flat-heeled shoe with far-out square to the toe, wonderful with pants or skirts. By Capezio (Shrut & Asche suèded kidskin), about $11, at Lord & Taylor. Miniature *objets d'art* on this page are all: À La Vieille Russie. *(Details on page 127.)*







The Fake's Progress



Here, a success story begun in August 1 Vogue: animal fakes, as blatant about their bogusness as they are open about their fashion purpose. Which is: the fashion Mc-Coy—at prices that could turn closets into menageries. *Far left:* Great big wonderful spread of coat in ebony brown, glossy and crew-cut. By Russel Taylor, in fabric by Borg of Darvan; about $85. Success gone to the head: a spotty white take-off on snow leopard. By Mr. John Jr. Kislav gloves. All: Best & Co. The coat is also at Kaufmann's; I. Magnin. *Near left:* Luggage-brown cardigan, lined in curly white Sherpa (of Creslan). Both sides of this coat-coin: money in the bank—$55 about does it. By March & Mendl, of suèded Du Pont nylon by Princeton, laminated with Scott Foam. Emme Boutique hat. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coat is also at Hutzler's; Harzfeld's.



The Fake's Progress



More animal fakery—more real-fashion success.

Far left: Full white coat, as splashy as anything ever spotted in the Himalayas. Not snow leopard, however—simply a sensational coat-look. The collar rising out of it belongs to a mustard-beige sweater. And that's one thought; red chiffon, little-evenings, is another. By Dan Millstein, of Dynel and Verel (Princeton fabric); about $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop.

Near left: Plushy black sweater dashing enough to pick its own working hours. Lightweight enough for the dinner-at-your-house look here—long black skirt, huge jewel-fake at the waist. Junior Sophisticates sweater, of deep Orlon, by Princeton; about $90: Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Vendôme pin. Pappagallo shoes.



EVE CURIE— NOW

Famous in her own right, she lives in Washington; is the wife of Henry R. Labouisse, important in the Administration

In the life of drama that began with a rather solitary childhood as the daughter of two illustrious scientists, Marie and Pierre Curie, and turned some twenty-four years ago into world fame, Eve Curie remains an extraordinarily beautiful woman, intelligent, serene, with a direct approach to everything, including her own life. Married to the man who was chairman of President Kennedy's task force on foreign aid, she is still in the full blaze of the public as the wife of Henry R. Labouisse, Director of the International Cooperation Administration. In 1937 when her book, *Madame Curie*, a brilliant biography of her mother who first isolated radium, was published, Eve Curie had been unknown, "remote, mysterious," and practically unperceived in Paris where she lived rather austerely. Within a year she became famous, the book translated into dozens of languages, and what she wore interested many—the Chanel suits, the Schiaparelli and Molyneux dresses, the taste, the care, her pleasure in good clothes, the severity of her style. After the fall of France in 1940 she served as an officer in the Women's Division of the Fighting French Army. In 1954, Eve Curie married Henry Labouisse and went to Beirut in Lebanon to live for four years; there Mr. Labouisse was the head of the United Nations Relief Agency that directed a diversity of services all over the Middle East, especially for Palestine refugees. After the Middle East, Mr. Labouisse became chief of the Economic Survey Mission to Venezuela, organized by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, at the request of the Venezuelan government. In their time there, they travelled seven thousand miles. Experiences and dozens of honours in Paris, London, Beirut, Cairo, Caracas, Washington, and more have turned a remote beautiful young woman into a still more beautiful woman.

In Vogue in 1938 André Maurois wrote this about Eve Curie: "Do you remember in the book the charming scene where Marie Curie, having finally isolated radium, takes her husband one night to the dark shed? The precious, phosphorescent greyish-blue particles shone in the darkness of night. 'Look!' said the young woman, as they bent over the pale, glimmering light. 'She remembered always,' wrote Eve Curie, 'this evening of shining poetry—this fairy tale.' And we, too, shall guard the memory of this scene, and the precious particles that fascinated her mother will shine forever, thanks to her daughter, in innumerable minds."

EVE CURIE, 1961

Mrs. Labouisse

CECIL BEATON

EVE CURIE, 1938

This black Schiaparelli dress might have been designed yesterday. Nothing has changed but the world.

HORST









"I'M IN PAPERBACK"

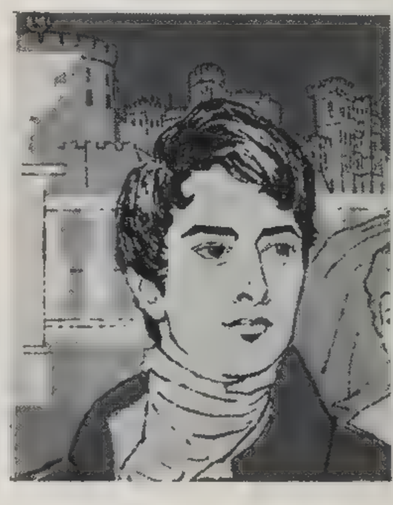


Since authors are as mune to money as anyone else, and since finance and literature have finally married, with the bridegroom carrying a good-sized check, the best underplayed statement at literary parties is "I'm in paperback." Everyone understands. For every day of the year about 1,000,000 paperback books are sold in the United States—spread among almost 12,000 titles. From those 12,000, Vogue chose twenty-eight that might sting a mind; some standards, some frivolities, all pleasures. They are part of the phenomenon that began in 1935 when Penguin in London published the first modern paperback, *Ariel* by André Maurois; its newness lay only in the quantity, the low price, and the wide distribution. In 1939 Pocket Books published its first, Hilton's *Lost Horizon,* still a quarter in 1961. In 1953 the boom had another push: the most literary publishers started printing editions of 50,000 copies of scholarly books that had perhaps sold about 2,000 copies in hard covers.

Now, although hard-cover books are sold in only 1,500 bookstores in the entire United States, paperback books—published in this country under 197 imprints—are sold in drugstores, supermarkets, hotel lobbies, in subway stations and in hospitals, in department stores, and in stores that sell nothing else. Paperbacks can be bought in Hong Kong, in Newfoundland, in the airport at São Paulo. In brief, paperbacks made book buyers of people who may have rarely read—and never bought—a book before. Here are twenty-eight reasons why.

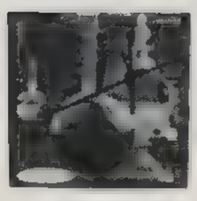
Alexandria by E. M. Forster (Anchor) 95¢: An informed blend of history, geography, travel, and rich fascinations at large. Among the small arcane pleasures in *Alexandria,* written when Forster was there as a Red Cross volunteer during World War I, is the information that the burning deck of "the boy stood on the burning deck" was that of Napoleon's "Orient," burned by Nelson's fleet during the 1798 Battle of the Nile, when Napoleon lost the Mediterranean forever. (Three novels in Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria Quartet are in paperback: *Justine, Balthazar,* and *Mountolive*—each 50¢, Pocket Books.)

My Life and Hard Times by James Thurber (Bantam) 50¢: A heart-lifting, hilarious memoir of some twenty early years of Thurber's life in Columbus, Ohio. In 1933 he wrote this book about the turbulent household which he shared with, among other people, his grandfather, still convinced "that the Army of the Potomac didn't have any more chance than a fiddler's bitch," about their dog, Muggs, who bit people, and about the dog's mistress, Thurber's mother, who "used to send a box of candy every Christmas to the people the Airedale bit." With an introduction by John K. Hutchens and sixteen Thurber drawings. (More wit in paperback: *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* by Jean Kerr—35¢, Crest; *Inside Benchley* by Robert Benchley—$1.45, Universal Library; *Road to Miltown* by S. J. Perelman—$1.45, Simon and Schuster; *Good Intentions* by Ogden Nash—$1.25, Universal Library.)

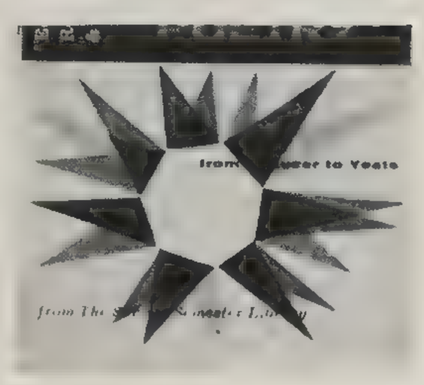


Madame Bovary by Gustave Flaubert (Bantam) 35¢: The 1857 novel that created not only modern fiction but also the prototype—in Emma Bovary—for all those women who have yearned for the improbabilities and come up against the probabilities, who have lived with the delusion that either marriage or adultery had necessarily to do with love. (Also in paperback: Francis Steegmuller's *Flaubert and Madame Bovary*—$1.25, Vintage.)

Melbourne by Lord David Cecil (Universal Library) $1.25: A brilliant example of biography, which Carlyle once called "the only true history." *Melbourne* is not only about Lord Melbourne—Prime Minister to the eighteen-year-old Queen Victoria—but about the lingering twilight of the world into which he was born: the eighteenth-century Whig aristocracy, shining "down the perspective of history like . . . a prize bloom, nurtured in shelter and sunshine and the richest soil, the result of generations of breeding and "blending." (Another first-rate biography about an English art dealer: *Duveen* by S. N. Behrman—95¢, Vintage.)



THE NEW BOOK SNOBBERY



Rats, Lice and History by Hans Zinsser (Bantam) 50¢: A book of unclassifiable treasures ranging from the origins of life to a biography of typhus fever. It was written in 1934 by the man who isolated the typhus germ and, from it, developed a protective vaccine. As learned, probing, and imaginative in history as he was in bacteriology, Dr. Zinsser made his scholarly findings as gripping as a detective story, as much fun as good conversation, particularly on the astonishing influence of epidemics on political and military history; e.g., the Haitian Republic was founded because 22,000 Frenchmen, sent by Napoleon to quell a revolt, died of yellow fever. Throughout, the Zinsser erudition is lilted with lines like this at the end of a chapter on the typhus-bearing louse: "It does not become a sexually mature louse until two or three weeks after emerging from the egg. But then . . . Oh, boy!"

A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis by Sigmund Freud (Washington Square Press) 60¢: Lectures, published first in 1920, that return clarity to a subject sometimes clouded by misinterpretations, a basic work in Freudian psychology, which Lionel Trilling has called "the only systematic account of the human mind which, in point of subtlety and complexity, of interest and tragic power, deserves to stand beside the chaotic mass of psychological insights which literature has accumulated through the centuries." (Fifteen other works by Freud are in paperback.)

The Last Puritan by George Santayana (Scribner) $1.95: Santayana's single novel, published first in 1936, deeply important and pertinent not as a novel but as an exploration of a theme that recurs in the American consciousness with the persistence of mononucleosis: the failure to realize promise. Oliver Alden in *The Last Puritan* is a man whose immense gifts come to nothing, a fate which Santayana perceived as so characteristic and so tragic that he "actually cried over the writing of it." (Seven other books by Santayana are now in paperback.)

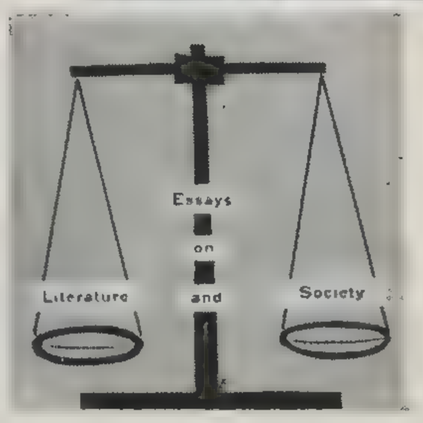
The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner) $1.25: The 1925 novel, perfectly conceived and foreshortened, about Gatsby—who like Fitzgerald spent himself in search of something once dreamed, who like Fitzgerald possessed "some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life . . . a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again." (More Fitzgerald in paperback: the novel *Tender Is the Night*—$1.45, Scribner; the essays and notes collected under the title *The Crack-Up*—$1.45, New Directions; the 1949 biography of Fitzgerald by Arthur Mizener, *The Far Side of Paradise*—$1.25, Vintage.)

The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy by Jacob Burckhardt (Mentor) 75¢: An intimately, enthrallingly detailed portrait, first published in 1860, of the world of Dante, Michelangelo, and the Borgias. With a thesaurus of knowledge, with enthusiasm, and with a purpose—to prove that the Renaissance was the first stage in the history of modern man—Jacob Burckhardt, a great Swiss historian, a pioneer in the school of cultural history, wrote of the petty states and the big ideas, of morality, religion, antiquity worship, and the development of the individual at a time when man was discovering not only the world, but himself too. (There is a generously illustrated paperback edition of this book, two volumes, $1.35 each, Harper Torchbooks. Among the other paperbacks on the Renaissance is the absorbing *News and Rumour in Renaissance Europe—The Fugger Newsletters*, edited by George T. Matthews—$1.25, Capricorn.)

Four Great Plays by Henrik Ibsen (Bantam) 50¢: Those four revolutionary plays written between 1879 and 1884—*A Doll's House, Ghosts, An Enemy of the People,* and *The Wild Duck.* By scratching at the conventions of the time, they changed the complexion of modern drama, established realism as its basic tenet, and inspired John Gassner, in his introduction to this edition, to write of Ibsen: "It is entirely fitting that as he lay dying his last statement should have been *'On the contrary.'* " (Thirteen paperbacks include plays by Ibsen.)

The Wings of the Dove by Henry James (Dell) 50¢: A shimmering, delicately balanced exploration of moral power, one of the flawless novels that prove a point once made by T. S. Eliot about James: "He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it." (Also in paperback: most of the best James novels and essays, as well as *The* *(Continued on page 118)*











The all-day dress– a coat's inner life

Ready to set up coatkeeping here, three woollen day-dresses that outline the good news of fashion this season: a bloused, leather-sashed plaid; an overbloused wool with hedged neckline; a skimmingly-fitted Paisley print. *Opposite page:* Bloused dress with low leather sash that could start autumn on its own, meet a coat later. Plaid wool in brown, with character lines of charcoal grey. By Georgia Bullock, of Bellaine wool; about $110. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat: Mr. John. *Above:* Overblouse dress with a suit's presence of mind about September, of brighter-than-dark-blue wool éponge with upstanding neck, soft shaping at the waist. By H. Charles, of Anglo wool; about $145. Hat by Miss Dior. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Frederick & Nelson. *Below:* All-day dress that moves easily in coat circles—an easy sashed sheath of undercoat-weight wool, Paisley-printed on a background of deep Persian red. By Georgia Bullock; about $90. Red clover-tucked toque by Miss Dior. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel.

New lines, here, on the autumn-under-wraps life—three dresses definitely not on all-day duty. Their curtain time is five-ish, some of their best entrances made with furs . . . perhaps a long straight fur stole. For a different character interpretation, the wraps-rôle might be filled by one of the new fitted coats in an unexpected colour. *This page*, upper right: Red crêpe sheath with slight blousing, cowl-neck—for little evenings—dinner at a bistro, perhaps an Italian movie. By Helga, in Chardon-Marché rayon crêpe. About $110. Hattie Carnegie jewellery. All at Henri Bendel. Dress, also: Gus Mayer. Lower right: Calm black dress with late-day leanings, can work an earlier shift—can, in fact, figure in almost any less-than-black-tie situation. Self-sashed, the skirt is edged with welting. By Dorene, of silk-and-worsted. About $70, at Best & Co.; Bramson's; Joseph Magnin. *Opposite page:* A slither of black satin that knows *all* the lines. The overblouse falls, by arrangement, over a soft bow at a slim hip. And the wearer could slink just a little. By Jerry Silverman, of William Rose silk. About $70, at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Hudson's. Coro crushed fake-pearl drop earrings. Laguna bracelet.



The calm
late-day dress—
inner life for
coat excitement



RAWLINGS



RAWLINGS

"Will I ever have

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A handsome woman with opinions as strong as her charm, Virgilia Peterson has written three books:* Polish Profile *in 1940,* Beyond This Shore *in 1942, and the new book from which this excerpt was taken,* A Matter of Life and Death, *to be published by Atheneum on September 12. Written as a long letter to her mother,* A Matter of Life and Death *is that strange, compelling kind of document, a moral autobiography. In it, Miss Peterson traces back across years of tentative triumphs and ambiguous defeats, to untangle the webs of love and guilt, of error and accusation, that bound her to her family. (Her father was Dr. Frederick Peterson, at one time president of the American Neurological Society.) A writer who also talks, Miss Peterson has spent most of the past decade talking about books—lecturing in forty states, moderating the television program "The Author Meets the Critics" for two years, and moderating until recently her own New York City radio program, "Books in Profile," for which she received the George Foster Peabody Award in 1956.*

For a long time, I wanted to write about my life. It was not so much what I did that I wanted to explain, nor why I did it, nor how I felt about having done it—though without such exposure there would have been no story. What I wanted above all was to impart what I thought about the human condition. Being no novelist, my imagination boggled before the task of creating another reality as real as my own. I knew that I had to write this book if I were not to feel unfinished when I came to die. But I knew, too, that if I wrote it, I must write it straight.

Quite likely, however, I might never have sat down to do so, had I been able in my maturity to tell either the facts of my life or my conclusions about them to my mother. But I never could. Between her shore and mine, no bridge would hold. After her death, therefore, I found myself driven by a high wind of compulsion to write to her what I had never said aloud. My narrative takes the form of a letter. In it, I have attempted to rise up out of my own limitations and those the fear of her imposed on me, and discover some meaning beyond that of being her daughter and myself. If I dare to say what I most hope the narrative proves, it is that at long last I have learned something from experience.

Some, however, are better able to learn from experience than others. I do not refer alone to those supernaturally or just naturally illumined saints and prophets who constitute our justification for claiming more likeness than tigers and jackals to God. I refer also, and not only unabashedly but with pride, to those throughout recorded time who have made use of their education to recognize the forest from the trees it encompasses, to deduce, to synthesize, to assemble the parts of their vision and make it whole. Of such, there is a long and honourable genealogy. If, separately or together, they have not succeeded, no matter what their weapons, in razing the wall of our common stupidity, they have breached it, here and there, and now and then, just often enough to keep us, so far at least, from an emasculating and hence mortal despair of our educability.

Among all the men and women I have known, none, I believe, put more emphasis than you and my father on education. It is true that in the play my father wrote together with your friend, the lady poet, he saw us chained to three balls of equal weight: heredity, health, and environment. But the cornerstone of his philosophy was his belief in our educability. "There is no habit," he told me, "that can not be broken in two weeks, if you work at it every waking moment. There is no one," he said, "without talent. It need only be sought to be found." And in his little book, *Creative Re-education,* he showed again and again by example that not only upon the plasticity of childhood but upon the petrification of age, not only upon the sound but upon the already damaged personality, education can be grafted and bear fruit. He was, by profession, more aware than most of human folly. Yet he believed in mankind.

And as for you, who were inclined both by nature and by my father's tempering of the wind of an even less sceptical view of humanity, you put education on a veritable pedestal before which you were always ready to bow your head. What else was it but your unquestioning faith in education that spurred you to work for those causes of woman suffrage and child health that you espoused so wholeheartedly as to almost empty my father's pockets for them? What else was it, for instance, but your veneration for learning that enabled you, when once you asked a Nobel prize-winning physicist how he measured the speed of light, to listen in silence while he gently, but inexorably explained for the rest of the afternoon? Or, to take the opposite extreme, what else was it but that same respect for the educational process that made you always willing, even when it was wholly counter to your convenience, to listen to me recite a lesson or a poem? Both to you and to my father, education was knowledge itself.

Never before in history, I suppose, had the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake seemed so surely the key not just to progress but to happiness as at the turn of this century, when you and my father were planning an education

BY VIRGILIA PETERSON

an educated heart?"

for my sister and me. Science had flung open the gates of impossibility. Deserts were to be made to flower; pestilence was to be wiped out; the bandy legs and dropsied bellies of the hungry nine-tenths of the human race were to vanish; literacy was to be removed from the sphere of privilege and extended to everyone—at least, to everyone white and Christian; children were to be born on order like custom-made dresses; labour was at last to receive proportionate respect and reward; war was to be reasoned out of existence; and God was no longer to be sought outside and beyond, but within, ourselves. Essentially, it had been concluded, men were good. The evil they did stemmed only from ignorance. The iron that was to flatten out the great furrows on the world's brow was knowledge. And so in knowledge, you and my father put your trust.

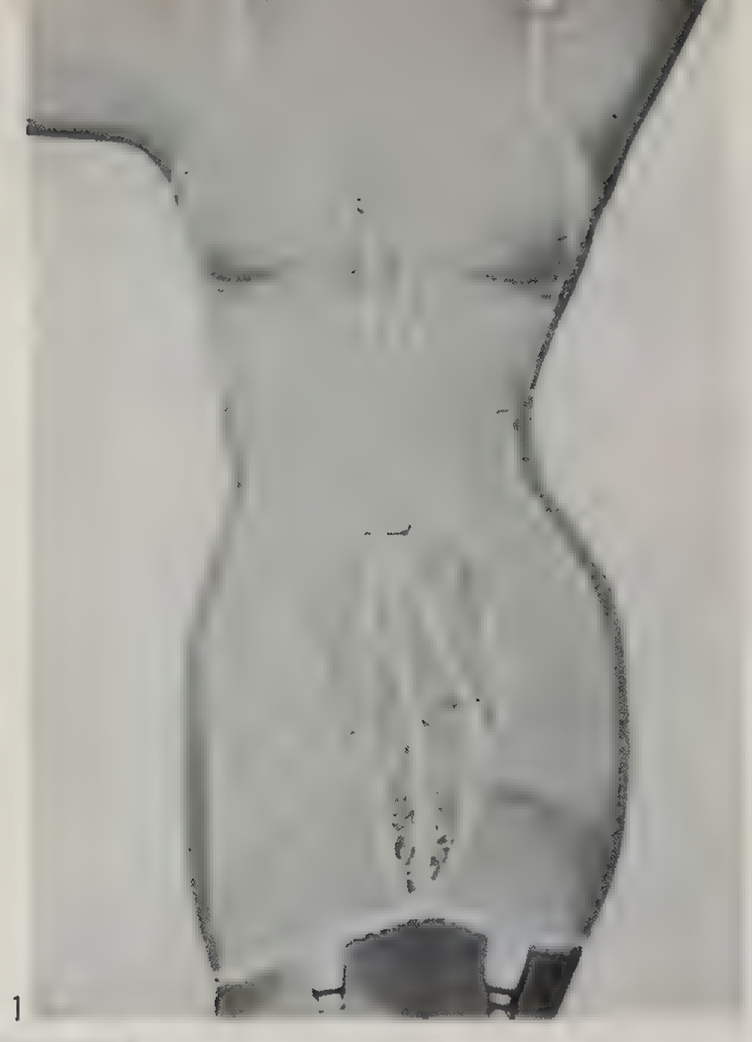
You yourselves were both, by any standard, knowledgeable, and so by your own definition, educated. Moreover, except in the field of my father's special competence, his knowledge and yours—of nature, of man's history and handiwork—were not unequal. Yet while my father's knowledge irradiated his vision, yours, which you knew so well how to exhibit and impart, seems to have shed no light on your own. Must there not, therefore, be something outside of knowledge, some tool without which knowledge is barren? Might it not be this something else that turns out after all to be the key to salvation? For it is clear that by knowledge alone we are not saved.

My father, I think, would have agreed that such a tool exists, though in his selflessness, in his objectivity, he would not even have known, let alone claimed, that he had this tool himself. You, on the other hand, would have insisted that to light more light must be added, that to know must be enough to live. And how diligently you sought to know more. Often, I found my father sitting up in bed at night with a paper-backed Western, such as *Bring Me His Ears*, concealed within the learned tome he held propped on his belly. But you, in your room across the hall, I never found reading anything that would not be admitted to be educated fare. Indeed, there was not a night in your life, not even at the end of it when for you to see the printed words required not only a special lamp at your bedside and special lenses in your glasses but a magnifying glass with a light bulb attached to it, when you did not read yourself, if not to sleep, then to exhaustion. You had some knowledge about nearly everything. Yet it was not to you that people turned. It was not to you but to my father that derelicts and friends and strangers, maids, chauffeurs, doormen, gardeners and farmers, aunts, uncles, and cousins; the several sons-in-law with whom my sister and I provided him; my sister until she wrenched herself away; and I, until the last moment I was ever to see him, turned for the help, as often intangible as tangible, that he did not fail to give. But it was not his knowledge that drew us to him, not his knowledge that enabled him to help.

Yet I am too much your daughter still, as well as his, to belittle knowledge. If it was only later that I came to value the kind that you and my father, in his way, valued so much, I began nevertheless as far back as I can remember to search for the kind I felt the need of for myself. It was not for nothing that I was born to readers. Cortez could scarcely have had a wilder surmise than I, on the day, long before I first went to school, when it swept over me that HEN-PEN spelled Hen-Pen and TURKEY-LURKEY spelled Turkey-Lurkey. The sea to which Hen-Pen and Turkey-Lurkey were the gateway is bottomless and has no bounds. Just as no one could wrest that book from my hand till I had finished it, so no friend, no lover, no one with the possible exception of my children, has ever as naturally and ineluctably captured my attention as whatever book I happen to have in hand. But, of course, I see at once the gap in my logic. A book is a part of, but not necessarily synonymous with, knowledge, as knowledge is a part of, but not necessarily synonymous with, education.

Even today, a book need not be good to capture me. But for a long time, for as long as I had not experienced what I was reading about, a book, to capture me, had to be about love. Yet books about love were conspicuous mostly for their absence on the shelves of the family library. Had there been, on those shelves, *The Rosary*, *V. V.'s Eyes*, and *Lavender and Old Lace*—romances I eventually read in a rented summer house and found sweeter than any lollypop I had thus far licked—I would probably not have been compelled in desperation to read the poetry of the Brownings, Ernest Dowson, John Donne, Swinburne, George Meredith, and Matthew Arnold (it mattered little to me which), and even Shakespeare's sonnets, for the food of love. It was fruitless to look among the sober bindings that encased Macaulay, Ruskin, Plato, and William James for love stories. Among the few contemporary novels we possessed were those of Galsworthy, largely because he had named *The White Monkey* after a Chinese picture in our house. It was equally fruitless to expect to find what I wanted in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The New Republic*, or *Asia*, the latest copies of which always lay neatly ranged on the library table. And *(Continued on page 117)*

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2



6



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5

Under-shaping for the new skim-fit

How to wear the new skim-fitted clothes

The shape coming in: the skimmer—an uninterrupted glide from narrowed shoulder to widened hem, with subtled waistline tendencies. Detailed here: seven ways to acquire the smooth, slender-without-striving line to go under skim-fitted clothes. *On this page:* Skimmer coat, uncollared, long-and-straight-sleeved. Beneath it will be, more often than not, a dress built on the same lines; perhaps earth-brown. Red wool cavalry twill coat by Larry Aldrich, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sally Victor hat. *Both pages:* A new line-up of supple, lightweight shapings that smooth the way for skimmer-wearing. 1. Coral nylon lace long-line brassière and high-rise girdle give persuasive control. The brassière slims the rib-cage; the shoulder straps are adjustable for wide necklines. The girdle is lightly boned, reinforced back and front with panels of lightweight Lycra. Both by Bien Jolie of Du Pont nylon. Brassière, $6; girdle, $18.50; at Lord & Taylor. 2. Skimmer skirt shape in a champagne-beige taffeta half-slip banded often with narrow lace. By Barbizon, of Dacron and Du Pont nylon, $6; Altman's. 3. For the woman with a well-proportioned shape of her own, a tearose lace all-in-one for smoothing.



By Character, of elasticized nylon lace; front panel of cotton lace. $90: at Henri Bendel. 4. White pantie-girdle of average leg length—the all-day, every-day kind, especially good under a low-flaring skim-fitting skirt. By Simone, of cotton, nylon, and acetate lace woven with Vyrene, $8.50; at Franklin Simon. 5. Beige taffeta full slip, shaped like a skimmer dress. By Artemis, of Dacron and Du Pont nylon, $6; at Lord & Taylor. 6. White lace brassière with a long mid-shaping torso line. By Maidenform, of nylon lace; $6; at Bloomingdale's. 7. Good at hip-smoothing and firming, a flexible girdle with cross-over panelling. By Peter Pan, of lime-coloured nylon and Lycra power net, $9; Bloomingdale's.



PALUMBO



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



Ask any four-year-old. Nursery school is not all play. Seen at the building site: hard-working construction crew dressed for the job; in flag red, white, and blue, the waistless look that's wonderful for the young. Sizes 3-6X.
Opposite page: Girl with hammer wears a blue denim pinafore sworn to safeguard the candy-striped, perhaps party-destined dress underneath.
By Kate Greenaway, of Springmaid cotton, Pepperell denim; about $8. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.
Centre: Blue cotton broadcloth jumper, blue and white striped blouse of Permathal Everglaze cotton knit by Alamac. By Sunny Lee, about $9; at Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.
Near left: Navy-blue cotton corduroy jumper cut straight from the shoulder button; navy-blue and white striped knitted cotton blouse. By Cinderella, of Stevens corduroy; about $9. Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.
This page: The painter sports a red twill pop-over of Arnel and rayon over a grey and white striped cotton dress. By Alyssa, about $11; at Altman's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

On-the-job clothes for nursery school



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



Ready for occupancy: the house the shop-crew built. The movers arrive, dressed for a housewarming.
Opposite page—farthest left of the industrious three: Blue cotton high-waisted jumper, white blouse. By Alyssa, about $9; at Bloomingdale's.
Centre: Blue cotton corduroy jumper—can be zipped off before the party starts. Under it: flower-printed drip-dry cotton dress. By Joseph Love, about $9; at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Near left: Red long-waisted cotton dress, pleated skirt, white collar. By Handcraft, of drip-dry cotton; about $6; at Altman's.
This page, far left: Continental charmer—red hand-smocked jumper, white blouse. By Baylis, of cotton broadcloth; about $8. Bloomingdale's.
Near left: Blue cotton overblouse, pleated skirt. By Johnston of Dallas. About $11, at Bonwit Teller.
All clothes, these two pages, also at Hutzler's; Halle Bros.
All shoes and tights by Capezio.
Toys, from F.A.O. Schwarz.

Back to nursery school, clothes on-the-job and after

VOGUE PATTERNS

A city-country wardrobe might pivot on these three essentials: a slim, unretiring silk suit (it works twelve months out of twelve); a softly shaped wool dress; a coat to wear over both. All three are keyed to a mocha-and-cream colour scheme that's as good a peg to hang a wardrobe on as Basic Black—and newer. The suit goes to the city, and the coat and dress cope with both city and country—and with all points in between. *Left:* Unsleeved mocha plaid dress under a cream coat—both, Vogue Pattern 4256. Coat, of wool; dress, wool-and-fur blend (Forstmann fabrics). Meyers Make kidskin gloves at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Narrow mocha suit, with side-buttoned jacket, sleeveless put-over. Vogue Pattern 4262, in William Skinner silk shantung. Hat by Mr. John Jr.; gloves by Superb. Both: Bonwit Teller. Richelieu necklace, at Lord & Taylor. Other views, stores that show these fashions, page 128.

VOGUE PATTERN 4256 VOGUE PATTERN 4262

Clothes-plan— condensed in mocha and cream

JÉRÔME DUCROT



Nothing Matches

The New York terraced penthouse of the J. Daniel Weitzmans

Nothing matches in the room opposite except the saddle leather chairs around the dining table. Yet there is, in the almost violent diversity in this room for living, dining, and work, definite style. The point here is the fascinating relationship between different materials, textures, colours, in a brilliant, but controlled, mélange. For instance, there are four different marbles: the grey-veined white marble of the dining table, the pure white polished marble on the long ledge by the window wall dividing the room from the terrace, the black marble on the entrance floor, and finally, the white-veined black marble of a shaft put up to reiterate the lean plunge of the United Nations building in the East River view.

What had once been five rooms became one great sweep of colour opposite designed by the architect, Paul Lester Weiner and his associate Ala Damaz. To define the living section of this room, he and Mrs. Damaz put a Finnish Rya rug, the slow burn of blue-to-purple, beneath the Mies van der Rohe glass table between the sofas. Ceilings are of different heights, different shapes, painted white or a blue that seems to flow into the blue sky beyond the penthouse. The ceiling is low and white over the strong red walls of the office, with its book shelves and the Jawlensky "Head of an Italian Girl." In the office, Mr. Weitzman, a man of quiet, easy charm, who does much of his work here, said: "Most functional office I ever had," as he watched a barge pass by below. In a nearby study, Mrs. Weitzman, a small, attractive, brunette scientist, does her homework in endocrinology.

On the wall, far right: Kline's "Harley Red." On the freestanding blue wall, marking off the foyer from the dining room, Egyptian fragments. At the left, one of the Goodnough "Laocoön" series. On the long red-doored cabinet, four bronzes by Blanche Phillips—like the rest of the room, matchless. In the left foreground, one of two Jean Arp white stone sculptures.

KERTESZ



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SPRINGMAID FABRICS

QUICK SWITCHERS—FOR THE HOUSE

The looks ahead: more than they seem to be

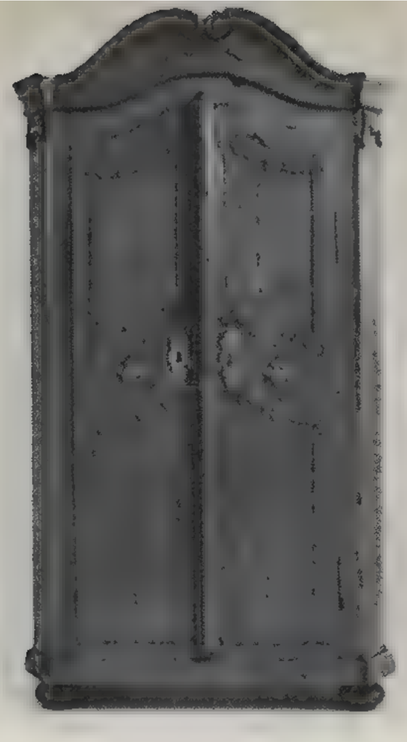
What is the quick switcher? More than meets the eye. A collection of quick switchers adds up to Now. Like the good black wool skirt that can, with a recast of tops, see the sun in the morning and the moon at night, a good quick switcher has an affinity for many other pieces of furniture and is many things to many rooms: a triangular table that unfolds to a square to support a game of bridge or dinner for six, then moves back into a pretty little corner table rôle; or a low chest of drawers, known as a Bachelor's Chest, eighteenth-century English in feeling, now with a flip-open top to double its width and triple its usefulness by converting it into a desk or a server.

A good quick switcher is often a surprise—a handsomely covered footstool to hold a tea- or drink-tray and to take on the assignment of supplementary seating in a room that one more chair would clutter. Once meant to prevent royal feet from dangling from the royal throne, footstools now are made in almost every period and contemporary style by almost every furniture house; and feet are the footstool's least likely customers.

A good quick switcher travels—a three-legger tub chair, heavy only on charm, to look equally at ease and give equal ease in the living room, at a desk, at a gaming or dining table. . . . A good quick-switcher is a pull-up chair, which once might have been a dining-room chair, perhaps a curvy, clubfooted Queen Anne, now free to roam the house solo.

A good quick switcher can imply architecture where none inherently exists. Instead of a built-in bookcase, a reproduction of an old château bookcase, with its finialled posts and open shelves and dark, massive look, will liven a box-like room—and change addresses when its owner does, too. . . . Armoires are definitely architectural in their doors and pediments. Closets put the armoire out of business, lack of closets are reviving it. Once the European country woman's most important visible sign of prosperity, the armoire (old or a reproduction) now is useful in American houses for its capacity to harbour hi-fi, china, books, the drink equipment. In a group of Bavarian-inspired pieces called "Bavarian Provincial," the Grand Rapids Chair Company has included a decorated cherry armoire.

A good quick switcher is a screen, to camouflage a number of spots, to define one section of a room, and, in itself, in pattern or a vivid colour, to set a room's pace. . . . Seventeen good quick switchers—serendipities from everywhere—are shown on the next two pages.





Looks ahead for the house

Left, old Bavarian armoire, stripped of hearts and flowers down to a bleached pale wood, pewter door pulls. Yale Burge.* *Right*, footstool, covered, feet and all, in black-and-white wool tartan. Baldwin & Martin.





Left, leaves of polyethylene, in a Japanese wood tub. Helen Cole. *Right*, antique walnut handkerchief table—its triangular top opens to a 30″-square table for gaming or dining. Don Ruseau.*





Left, château bookcase, made of dark fruit wood, with seven shelves. Yale Burge.* *Right*, mahogany Queen Anne side chair, copy of a 1720 New Hampshire original. Century's Henry Ford Museum Collection; Altman's.





Far left, pale oak tub chair from Denmark has caned back, russet kidskin cushion. George Tanier.* *Near left*, walnut Bachelor's Chest with light fruit wood finish. Top opens as table or desk. Baker Furniture.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

QUICK SWITCHERS

The tie that binds the pieces here is the direction in which they point: strength of line, colour, and versatility, and the greatest of these is versatility. The group of newsworthies on the facing page could be the key to a room scheme. . . . The screen, tall and bold in black-and-white wool tartan, has six pinnacled panels, a nineteenth-century Gothic look; from Baldwin & Martin. . . . To reactivate an idle corner, the Italian corner cupboard, walnut, table-height, has a top for flowers, books, sculpture, insides for storage; at Decorative Trends. . . . The space-maker love seat, here in willow with black sailcloth cushions, is ready to lead a dexterous life, indoors and out. . . . That box on the rug, a jolt of colour in red-lacquered leather from Hong Kong, has heartening uses—for storage, for seating, as a table top; 19″ square, 16″ high, with simple brass fittings. The pottery lettuce pitcher and the lemon-shaped dish, designed by Countess Gnoli and made in Italy, are, like the love seat and the Hong Kong chest, at Leigh Hammond. . . . For strawberries, asparagus, and anything juicy, the Italian pottery strainer dish and platter; Mottahedeh*. . . . Flat and fringed, in black and white, the rug is made by American Indians of rough-textured wool; six feet long, it is a pointer to the big trend towards small, definitive rugs; from the new Alexander Girard collection at the Herman Miller Textiles and Objects Shop. . . . The opal glass lamp, suspended from an oak stem, is a sphere to be hung singly or in a cluster, at different heights. George Tanier.*

TOM YEE



SAVINGS FOR TRAVELLERS:

some pleasures for profit

New season buys

Transatlantic ships slash off-season fares 25 per cent from November 1 to February 28; this bonanza allows a three-week stay ashore with the further fringe benefit of an interchangeable ticket. Passengers may go the fast way to Channel or northern European ports, and return by the languid Mediterranean route. In addition, there are two extra dividend days: one for departure, one for arrival. A first-class passage to Southampton on one of the great "Queens," for example, dwindles from the summer rate of $662 to $473.50, one way. Although this fare includes a stateroom on Main Deck, the cut applies to all classes on most ships, diminishing to as little as $150, one way, in tourist. Travellers who go South, for instance, may catch an American Export Lines ship from Marseilles; the one-class ships, "Excalibur" and "Exeter," cost, at the new rate, about $285 one way for the twelve-day southern crossing.

New in Caribbean waters: big American ships

In the Caribbean for the first time, the fleet, sleek S.S. "United States" will sail on two fourteen-day cruises to Nassau, Barbados, Trinidad, Curaçao, and Cristobal, leaving New York on January 30 and February 16. (The recent signing of a Federal bill allows American ships to shift winter schedules from the North Atlantic into other seas without losing their government subsidies.) For these cruises, the "United States" will run as a one-class ship with fares ranging, for each person, from $1,245 to $520, depending upon the size and location of staterooms. Every stateroom has a shower, the ship is superbly air-conditioned, and no tourist cabins will be used. On shorter one-island cruises, the smaller United States Lines' ship "America" will anchor in harbours—like a huge, off-shore hotel. Sailing November 22 from New York, the first cruise will actually be a long, five-day Thanksgiving weekend in Bermuda; fares from $160. On March 8, the second run will go from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico, for seven days; fares from $195; the final cruise will start on March 17.

Island hopping for the first time, the American Export Lines' ships, "Independence" and "Atlantic," have scheduled five- to seventeen-day cruises from New York from November through March. A great hotel at sea, the "Independence" will take on these cruises only half its regular number of passengers. With the exception of a five-day holiday clip over George Washington's Birthday, cruises last from fifteen to seventeen days, touching at Nassau, Curaçao, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, and Puerto Rico. The smaller, but newly slicked-up "Atlantic" has the largest outdoor swimming pool afloat, is air-conditioned, and calls at some of these ports on runs of eight to fourteen days. Less costly than many hotels—and mobile—these ships have single rates from $26 to $55 a day.

The handsome Moore-McCormack twin sister ships, "Brasil" and "Argentina," will make nine swings this winter through the islands of St. Thomas, Barbados, Trinidad, Martinique, Puerto Rico, and Nassau. Both ships are one-class, carry at the most three hundred and thirty passengers in air conditioned, outside cabins, all with shower or bath. Fares range from $30 to $90 a day for each person in a double stateroom. Some sailings start from New York, some from Port Everglades, Florida.

Good in Italy only

From November through March a generous slice off living expenses can be achieved through two saving systems, Calycanthus and I.T.E. Now in its second year, the Calycanthus plan offers handsome advantages for a stay of seven days at the eleven CIGA (pronounced "ch.eega") hotels—the Italian Grand Hotel Company. It owns such good hotels as: the Excelsior and the Grand in Rome; the Excelsior in Naples; the Colombia Excelsior in Genoa; the Principe & Savoia and the Palace in Milan; the Danieli, the Gritti Palace, and the Europa in Venice. The method: a book of coupons paid for at the reception desk of any CIGA hotel. A room with bath, morning coffee, lunch or dinner, taxes, service, and heating (when it is counted as an extra) come to $77.40 for seven nights. The seven days may be spent in one hotel, or, in any of the other CIGA group. After the seven days, additional days, weeks, months come to $11.10 a day, based on the coupon rate.

The I.T.E. (Italian Tourist Economy) plan, organized by the Italian State Tourist Office, works all over Italy and offers American citizens savings in many hotels as well as local transportation. For instance: a 20 per cent reduction on specific trains, buses, cable cars, and lake boats; 10 per cent on specific hotels—luxe to pension—plus specific restaurants and night clubs. To own a free I.T.E. card (and that's all that is free) visitors make arrangements with a travel agent *before* leaving for Italy.

On transatlantic jets

Air passengers on a seventeen-day jaunt lop off a flat $136 from the regular round-trip economy fare beginning October 1 through the end of March. A round trip to London, for instance, comes to $350 instead of $486; to Rome, under $490; to Athens, just over $600.

Unlike the domestic airlines' Family Plan, good all year but only on certain days, the transatlantic Family Plan is good every day in the week but only from October through March. During those months there is a $150 reduction on round-trip economy flights and a $300 reduction on first class. The method: only one member of the family pays the full round-trip cost, the others get the above reductions. Note: children, to the sociologists of the airlines, mean those between the ages of twelve and twenty-five.

THE EDUCATED HEART

(Continued from page 101)

it was also fruitless to suppose that either you or my father were, or had ever been, or would for a moment understand my being absorbed in the question of love. But if my attempts to find a source for the Facts of Life in your library were fruitless, how much more so was any attempt of yours to distract me with Scott or Dickens or Irving or Cooper or Oliver Wendell Holmes. Once when I complained to my father, in the presence of all our books, that there was "nothing to read," he went to the shelves and took down *The Shaving of Shagpat*. "I think you will find this exciting enough," he said, with a glint in his smile. I never asked him for something to read again. No doubt an analyst would say that it was because of this disillusionment that I have never yet brought myself to read *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Gulliver's Travels*, all of which at one time or another my father proffered me. To these, even now, I suspect I would still prefer *Dusty Answer* and *The Green Hat*.

But if I mortified you, and sometimes intentionally, with the bubbles of literary opinion I blew in your direction, and if to disagree with you for disagreement's sake always tempted me and, though you are gone, tempts me still, at this point in my narrative and on this subject of books where there was far more than a mere possibility that our minds might meet, I will not pretend that I consider *Dusty Answer* and *The Green Hat* Olympian. All I say is that such novels, which you would no more have considered reading than you would have considered reading pornography, set off in me an echo that has never quite died away. And in saying this, I am only trying to establish that I do not believe that it is always and inevitably the purest, the loftiest, or the most authentic voices in literature that speak most directly to the heart. Nor, for that matter, is it always or even necessarily from the masterpieces of art or music that we receive these shocks of recognition which break the surface of our consciousness, ripple across it in ever widening circles, and then drop beneath it to change, if only by a fraction, the contours of the subconscious for good. They can stem from the light some unknown painter has caught on a face or a parasol as well as from the El Greco "Apocalypse," from some refrain or shred of popular tune as well as from a Beethoven symphony. To call this taste is not to define or explain it. To ascribe it to education is absurd. No amount of education or accumulated knowledge can create this capacity for shock, if it is lacking. What prompts the shock does not matter. It is the shock itself that counts.

My father, asked what is the object of education, would probably have answered: to serve mankind. To the same question, you would undoubtedly have said: to know and to behave. By neither of these definitions, as indeed by no official definition I have ever heard, could I be said to be truly educated. Yet I do not concede that I am not.

It would be no mere presumption on my part but outright madness to measure my little Latin and less Greek, my academic gropings, against the trained minds I know. Compared to their orderly interiors, in which one well-furnished room succeeds another with never an anachronism of style or a hodgepodge of misplaced bibelots, mine is a mere tent pitched on an oasis in the shifting sands of irrelevancy and housing only what I need for the night. It is as hopeless for me to try to measure what I know against what I do not know as for me to try to compute the stars. And while this would probably also be true of all but that handful of practical visionaries who have actually computed them (and these have found out that their task has scarcely begun), it is truer of me than it is of most. It is therefore not by measuring myself upward toward those above me that I can establish my claim. On the other hand, to look down at those clustered below is dangerously easy and misleading. What would it prove, if I were to point out that I speak five languages whereas they do not; that I know by heart *The Rubáiyát* as well—incidentally—as a number of better poems, whereas they may not; that I am paid for my literary guesses, while they are not; that I can harangue and hold an audience (not in the palm of my hand, to be sure, but by the skin of my teeth), whereas they can not; that

(Continued on page 120)

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"I'M IN PAPERBACK"

(Continued from page 95)

Selected Letters of Henry James, edited by Leon Edel—95¢, Anchor—a collection that shows James generous of himself, a man who would be hypocritical before he would be unkind.)

Four Tragedies by William Shakespeare (Washington Square Press) 45¢: With introductions by Mark Van Doren, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*. Each has a synopsis and a glossary—e.g., "friend" (Act III, Scene V, *Romeo and Juliet*) means, in Shakespearese, "lover." (Of ninety-one Shakespeare paperbacks, these tragedies at less than 12¢ each are the best dime-for-dime buy.)

Intruder in the Dust by William Faulkner (Signet) 50¢: A powerful suspense novel of morals and murder in a small Mississippi town in which a sixteen-year-old boy, his uncle Gavin Stevens, and an ancient woman aristocrat save an old Negro unjustly accused of killing a white man. With violence, humour, and torrential prose (one sentence of 2,300 words), Faulkner makes a passionate plea, first published in 1948, for justice in the South, by the South. (Sixteen other books by Faulkner are in paperback.)

The Greek Way to Western Civilization by Edith Hamilton (Mentor) 50¢: A clarification of the miraculous spirit of Greece, written in 1930 by the woman whom John Mason Brown called "citizen of two worlds, the ancient and the modern . . . equally at home with the best of both." In telling about the human heroes who "changed a world that was full of fear into a world full of beauty," Miss Hamilton shed new and beautiful light on Athenian literature, drama, and religion. (More paperbacks by Edith Hamilton: *The Roman Way to Western Civilization*, the Roman day-by-day life, and *Mythology*, a superb compendium of classic Greek, Roman, and Norse legends of love and adventure. Each—50¢, Mentor.)

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley (Bantam) 50¢: A 1932 science fiction classic and one of the most influential novels of the post World War I era. In it, Huxley, a man as strong on science and logic as on prose, has uncoiled like a witty and farseeing cobra a futuristic, totalitarian society drugged into soporific subservience by a perfect drug called "*soma*—euphoric, narcotic, pleasantly hallucinant." The people who rebel against it seek the "right to be unhappy." (More in paperback by Huxley: *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*—50¢, Avon; *Collected Short Stories*—75¢, Bantam; *Eyeless in Gaza*—75¢, Bantam; *Point Counter Point*—75¢, Avon.)

Fifty Great Short Stories edited by Milton Crane (Bantam) 50¢: Not, inevitably, Everyman's fifty favourite stories, but a rich spread nonetheless, including stories by James Joyce, Katherine Mansfield, Edith Wharton, Ernest Hemingway, and J. D Salinger, among others—all in command of the shorthand that makes short stories work, each line distilling a complex of manners, experiences, distinctions.

The Autobiography of an Idea by Louis Henri Sullivan (Dover) $1.85: America's first modern architect, the inventor of the skyscraper, considers long, piercingly, and in the third person, his happy childhood, when he "crawled forth from his cave of gloom and began to take notice. Soon he was all notice and no gloom"; his growing-up years and the reasons-why of his architectural principles, "all senseless conventional rigidity must be taken out of it; it must intelligently serve . . . not suppress . . . form follows function." This edition of a book first published shortly after Sullivan died in poverty in 1924 includes thirty-four full-page plates of Sullivan buildings. (More paperbacks on American architecture: *Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Buildings*, essays, over 150 illustrations, and a geographical index of Wright buildings, edited by Edgar Kaufmann and Ben Raeburn—$1.95, Meridian; *Sticks and Stones* by Lewis Mumford, a thoughtful look at U. S. architecture from New England villages through Sullivan and Wright—$1.60, Dover.)

The Sun Also Rises by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner) $1.45 The mordant, merry, melancholy novel that in 1926 hurled Hemingway into the literary centre-stage both as a great and popular novelist and as delineator of "The Lost Generation." Set against the beauty, the look, feel, and smell of Paris and the Spanish Basque country, dashed with bullfights, fishing trips, absinthe, and what

F. Scott Fitzgerald described as Hemingway's "infectious style," the novel follows Lady Brett Ashley, an Englishwoman who has "got it . . . that's all," and some of her complex friends and lovers on a worldly odyssey to the out-of-this-world. (More Hemingway in paperback: *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—$1.95, Scribner; *The Snows of Kilimanjaro and Other Stories*—$1.25, Scribner.)

The Elements of Style by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White (Macmillan) $1: The little book that should be owned by anyone who must write more than his or her name. Written and privately printed by Strunk in 1918 for his students at Cornell, *The Elements of Style* is, as one of those students, E. B. White, wrote in his introduction to this edition, "a forty-three-page summation of the case for cleanliness, accuracy, and brevity in the use of English." Besides Strunk's clean, accurate, and brief summation (in the form of barked orders), this edition includes an essay on style by Mr. White, whose own approaches some Strunkian *beau idéal.*

Four Great Plays by Chekhov (Bantam) 50¢: A quartet of the most-often-performed plays in the world, *The Sea Gull, Uncle Vanya, Three Sisters, The Cherry Orchard.* What the plays have in common besides their author is slow, exquisite exploration of character responding to circumstances and pathos, with sure theatrical craftsmanship, sweetened with laughs. (For a diversified Chekhov collection in paperback: *The Portable Chekhov*, edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, offers two plays, *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Boor;* twenty-eight short stories; selected letters; $1.45, Viking.)

The Physiology of Taste by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (Dover) $1.50: By a French lawyer and political economist the superbly hearty, unbeaten, 1825 *pot-au-feu* of contemplations about food and drink, fatness and thinness, pleasure and pain—plus reminiscences and household hints: "When the pheasant is cooked, serve it up gracefully reclining on its bed of toast; surround it with bitter oranges, and have no fear of the result. This most savoury dish is best washed down with vintage Burgundy; I evolved this truth from a series of observations that cost me more trouble than a table of logarithms." (For less contemplative cooking, fifty-six cookbooks are published in paperback.)

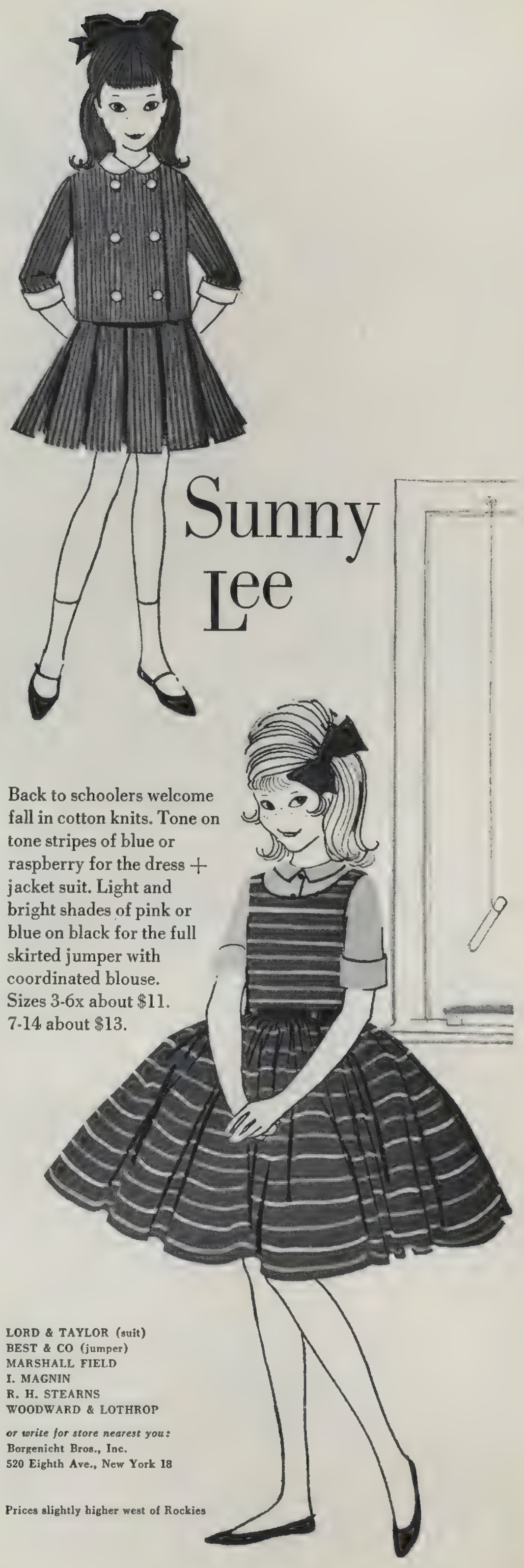
The Liberal Imagination by Lionel Trilling (Anchor) 95¢: Essays written between 1940 and 1950 by a critic possessed of precisely the kind of disciplined, complex imagination too frequently absent among the varieties of complacency now passing for thought. Trilling has an imagination capable of perceiving, as in these pieces, the moral connections among Henry James, Tacitus, Freud, the *Partisan Review*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and the *Kinsey Report.* (More Trilling in paper: *The Opposing Self*—$1.25, Compass; *A Gathering of Fugitives*—$1.45, Beacon; *Matthew Arnold*—$1.65, Meridian.)

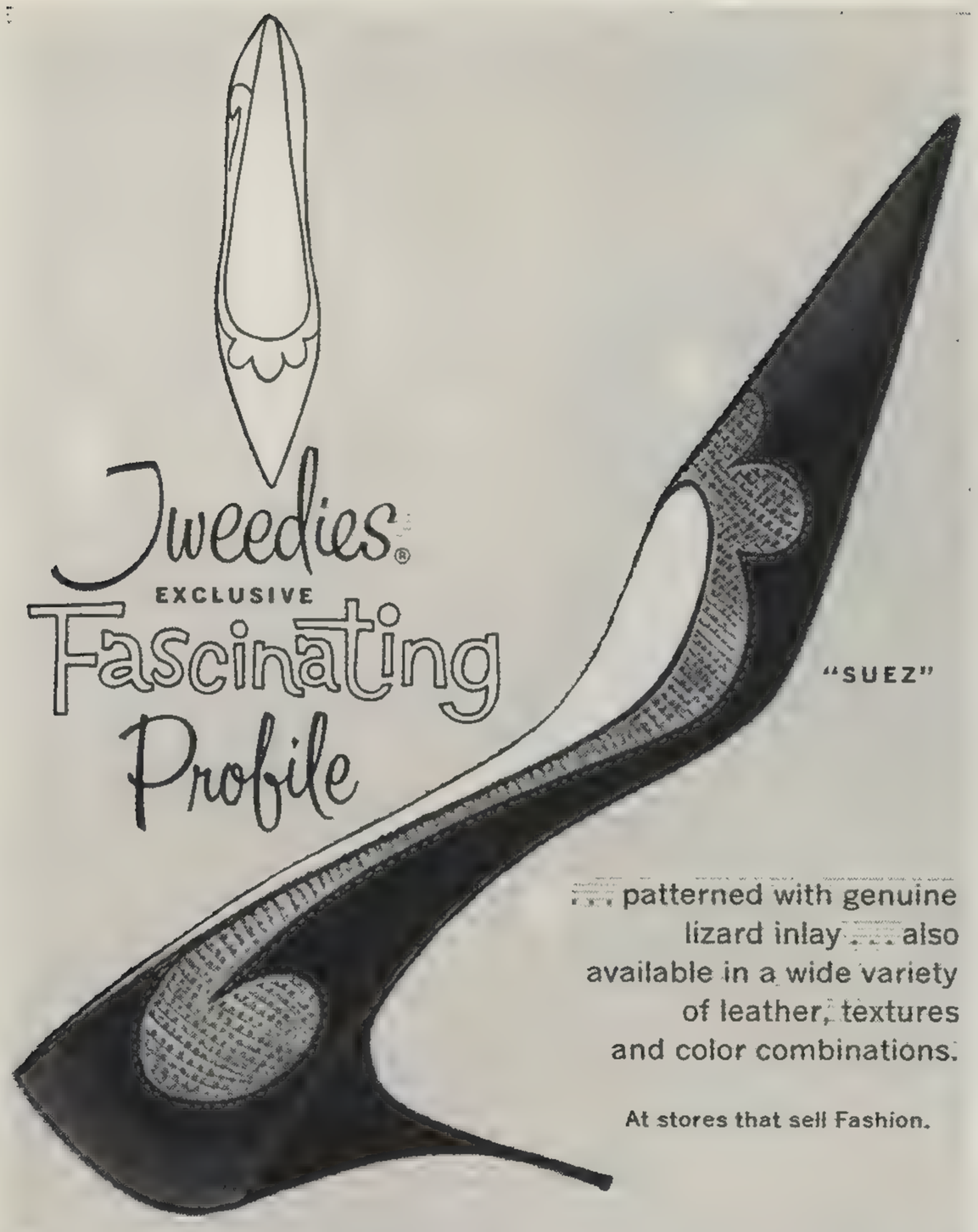
Six Centuries of Great Poetry edited by Robert Penn Warren and Albert Erskine (Dell) 75¢: From the richest, deepest vein in English poetry, the lyric—a selection not only thick but good, mostly familiar, sometimes happily surprising. Although this collection stops with Yeats and never crosses the Atlantic, another paperback, *Fifteen Modern American Poets*, edited by George P. Elliott ($1.65, Rinehart), includes memorable poems by such contemporary Americans as Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke. (Among the hundreds of poets whose work is in paperback: William Blake, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, Robert Graves, Garcia Lorca, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, W. S. Merwin.)

The Worldly Philosophers by Robert L. Heilbroner (Simon and Schuster) $1.50: A one-volume course in modern economics, published first in 1953. With the wit born of sharp intelligence, Heilbroner wrote of such economists as Malthus (described by an acquaintance as a man who, "if there are no signs of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady"); Marx, who late in life "delivered himself of a statement that has never ceased to bedevil the faithful . . . 'I am not a Marxist' "; and John Maynard Keynes, "the architect of Capitalism Viable," who once claimed a single regret in life: "he wished he had drunk more champagne." (Possible paperback follow-ups: Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*—$1.25, Liberal Arts Press; Marx's *Das Kapital*—$1.45, Gateway; Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class*—50¢, Mentor.)

The Mind of the South by W. J. Cash (Vintage) $1.45: Published first in 1941, this analysis of the Southern tradition by a

(Continued on page 120)





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AND UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—each based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a rare Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are among the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

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"I'M IN PAPERBACK"

(Continued from page 119)

South Carolinian begins, brilliantly, by annihilating the myth of the Southern Cavalier. Typically, the ante-bellum Southerner was a "back-country pioneer farmer," whose turn of mind—born of the frontier and crystallized by the plantation system—was characterized by "the most intense individualism the world has seen since the Italian Renaissance and its men of 'terrible fury.'" (Another important paperback about the inextricable play of fact and myth in American history: *Virgin Land* by Henry Nash Smith—$1.25, Vintage.)

Crime and Punishment by Dostoevsky (Bantam) 50¢: The magnificent, psyche-shaking 1866 novel about Raskolnikov, a poverty-maddened student in nineteenth-century Russia, his crime, his guilt, his redemption—not only a masterpiece in abnormal psychology, but a reading joy on many levels, including its descriptions of day-by-day life in Russia. (Among other paperbacks by Dostoevsky: a condensation of *The Brothers Karamazov*—60¢, Dell. About Dostoevsky: *Dostoevsky: His Life and Art* by Avrahm Yarmolinsky—$2.95, Evergreen.)

To the Finland Station by Edmund Wilson (Anchor) $1.45: A superb historical study, published first in 1940, that traces the ways in which an idea—the idea of social progress—inexorably led the world to that April night in 1917 when a German train rolled into the Finland station in Petrograd bringing Lenin home from exile, the night when he spoke from the balcony of the Kshesínskaya Palace (once the house of the Tsar's mistress) and insisted that the Bolshevik movement could stop nowhere short of world revolution.

Saint Joan by Bernard Shaw (Penguin) 50¢: Shaw's trenchant, compassionate, scholarly 1923 drama about the fifteenth-century teen-ager whom he called in his learned preface to *Saint Joan* "the queerest fish among the eccentric worthies of the Middle Ages." Burnt for heresy, witchcraft, and sorcery in 1431, Joan of Arc was a girl, according to Shaw, about whom there were in her lifetime only two opinions: "One was that she was miraculous: the other that she was unbearable." His play shows her both ways, attractively. (Much of Shaw's work has been published in paperback, two plays for 35c each: *Arms and the Man*, Bantam; and *Candida*, Penguin.)

THE EDUCATED HEART

(Continued from page 117)

I am beginning both to grasp and relish an abstract thought, whereas perhaps they do not? It proves nothing, unless to be able to make a wearable shoe when one is given the last, the material, and full instructions, is proof of education.

If you had asked me by what right I dare claim to be educated, and you would have asked me had you heard me make the claim, for you did not neglect either to remind me of all the opportunities you and my father had given me or of how little I had managed to profit by them (I doubt if there has ever existed a parent who forebore to send this barb, as I myself have too often sent it, winging into children's tender flesh), I would have found it hard to answer you, whom, of all those I have failed, I have failed the most, that I stake that claim upon my heart, and not my head.

I do not say it is a heart such as my father's. How could I say so, in view of how often it has flagged, pouted, shrieked, betrayed, and turned to stone? But if a heart can lift as swiftly at the sight of an alley cat as at the sea's moon-silvered roll, if it can respond as immediately to a debasing confession as to one of love, if it can feel even for a moment the pinch of another's misery as it feels its own, if it can rise to danger and also knit the dust, if it can both bleed and refuse to bleed, if it can recognize and wrestle with its rancours, if it expands before the spectacle of the smallest heroism to include the heroism attained by all who simply live, if it quails more before the death of others than before its own, it can be called an educated heart. For these are the uses of education. There are fewer such hearts, I am convinced, than there are heads stuffed with knowledge. And my heart, I am struggling to make certain, will end as one of these.

Where the square toe is going



More about the shoe excitements shown on pages 86-87—square toes, cedar-brown colours. *Above:* Walking shoe with the kind of lean, clean lines that are described as "good bone structure" when they happen in a face or a figure. Cedar brown, medium heel. By Christian Dior-New York, of Loewenstein calfskin, about $28. At Bonwit Teller. *Left:* Cross-buckled walking shoe, set on a brief curvy heel. Darkened shade of cedar; Pavilia, by Johansen, of Amalgamated's crushed calfskin, $15. Stern's.



Right: Long drawn-out square, narrowed and planed—tailored for city wear. In cedar brown, the lizard toe fronting for calfskin; set on a slender medium heel. By Rinaldi (lizard by Fleming-Joffe; Hubschman calfskin), about $23. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.





Left: The new soft shoe—a cedar-brown boot with black insert, to wear with country clothes—perhaps with pants. The boot is low-lying, on a natural-coloured flat leather heel. This, by La Piuma, of John Flynn elkskin; $12. Altman's.

RAWLINGS



THE MARK OF AUTHENTICITY

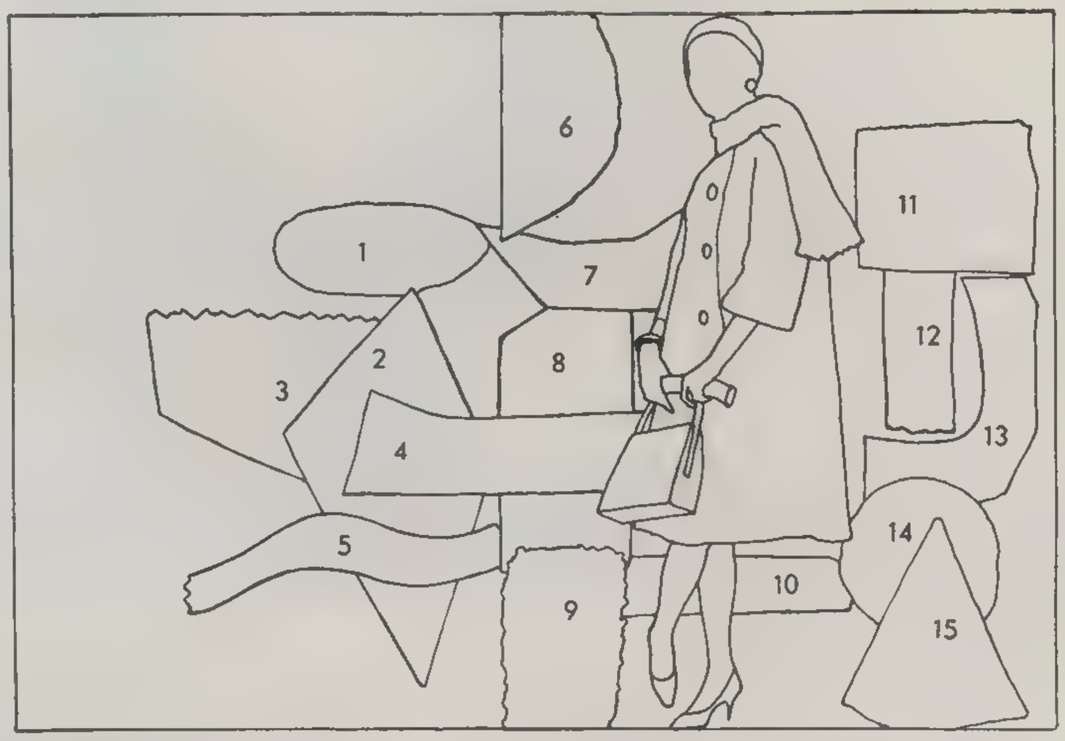


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What colours count now

Details of fabrics and accessories, pages 56-61



GINGER-BROWN. 1. In a rich, subtly-shadowed ginger-brown: self-plaided wool coating, fabric by Anglo.

2. Crêpes—all kinds of crêpes—are fabric news this season: here in a ginger-colour, crêpe-surfaced Alamac Thalmatte jersey of Orlon-and-wool.

3. Autumn's colours are calmer, richer: here, pale chrome orange, plaided with beiges and brown in a soft fabric for dresses or suits—a blend of wool, rabbit's hair, nylon, rayon; by Lesur.

4. Orange, verging on ginger-brown: a smooth, dress-weight jersey, in a blend of Creslan and Courtauld's Coloray rayon; by Earl-Loom.

5. One of the new ginger-browns—here, a ripply, cord-weave blend of Avisco rayon and Celanese acetate for a tailored dress; a Folker fabric.

6. Brick colours—skillfully mixed and mortared—look very new this season. Here, a whole spectrum of reds and oranges in a suit-weight tweed of wool and nylon; by Len Artel.

7. Newly important: the smooth, aerated leno weaves. This, by Folker of orange Avisco rayon-and-Orlon.

8. Berry red, in a bark-textured wool coating; by Lawford.

9. One of the season's bold new plaids: black, French mustard, curry, and browned red. Wool by Dumas-Maury.

10. Peppery tweed: browned reds mixed with more than a dash of bright paprika. Wool fabric by Stroock.

11. The new Paisleys are bold, dramatic, steeped in rich deep colours: wool chiffon in ginger-brown and a browned red; by Liberty of London.

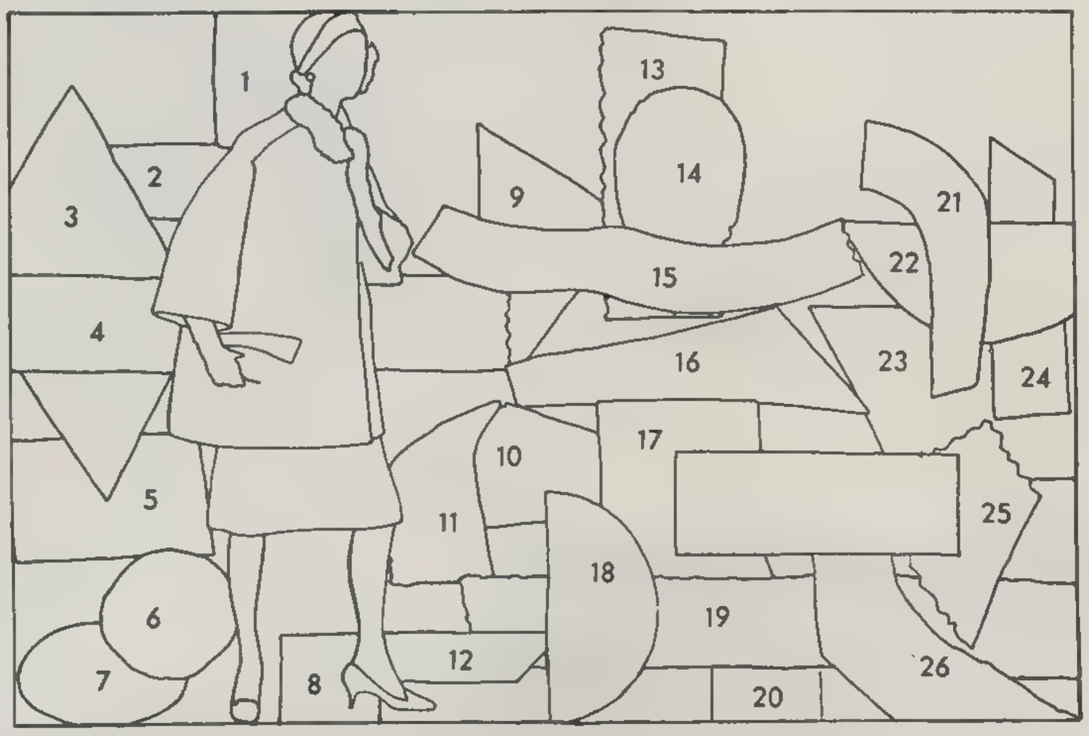
12. Star-status colour: sealing-wax red, news now in tweed mixtures and alone. Wool tweed by Ria Herlinger.

13. Black—an important ingredient in autumn's prints, plaids, tweeds—is crossed here with rust-browns; fabric of Zefran-and-wool, by Milliken.

14. A rich, coppery wool—to translate, perhaps, into one of autumn's newly-fitted suits. Ring Fabrics.

15. Redstone-red coating—a deep, rich wool, slubbed and shagged for surface interest. By Anglo.

Accessories: Lucille handbag. Brown shoes by Naturalizer of Fleming-Joffe lizard. Hanes seamless stockings.



WOOD-AND-STONE. 1. Tweed that mobilizes four of this season's neutrals—string, taupe, brown, and black Coat-weight wool by Forstmann.

2. Smooth taupe-coloured gabardine, Fortrel and Avron rayon; by Cohama.

3. One of the new woods prints—this, swirls of black and taupe shades on tricot of Du Pont nylon; by Cohama.

4. Wood and stone colours, combined in a hazy check; wool by Raimon.

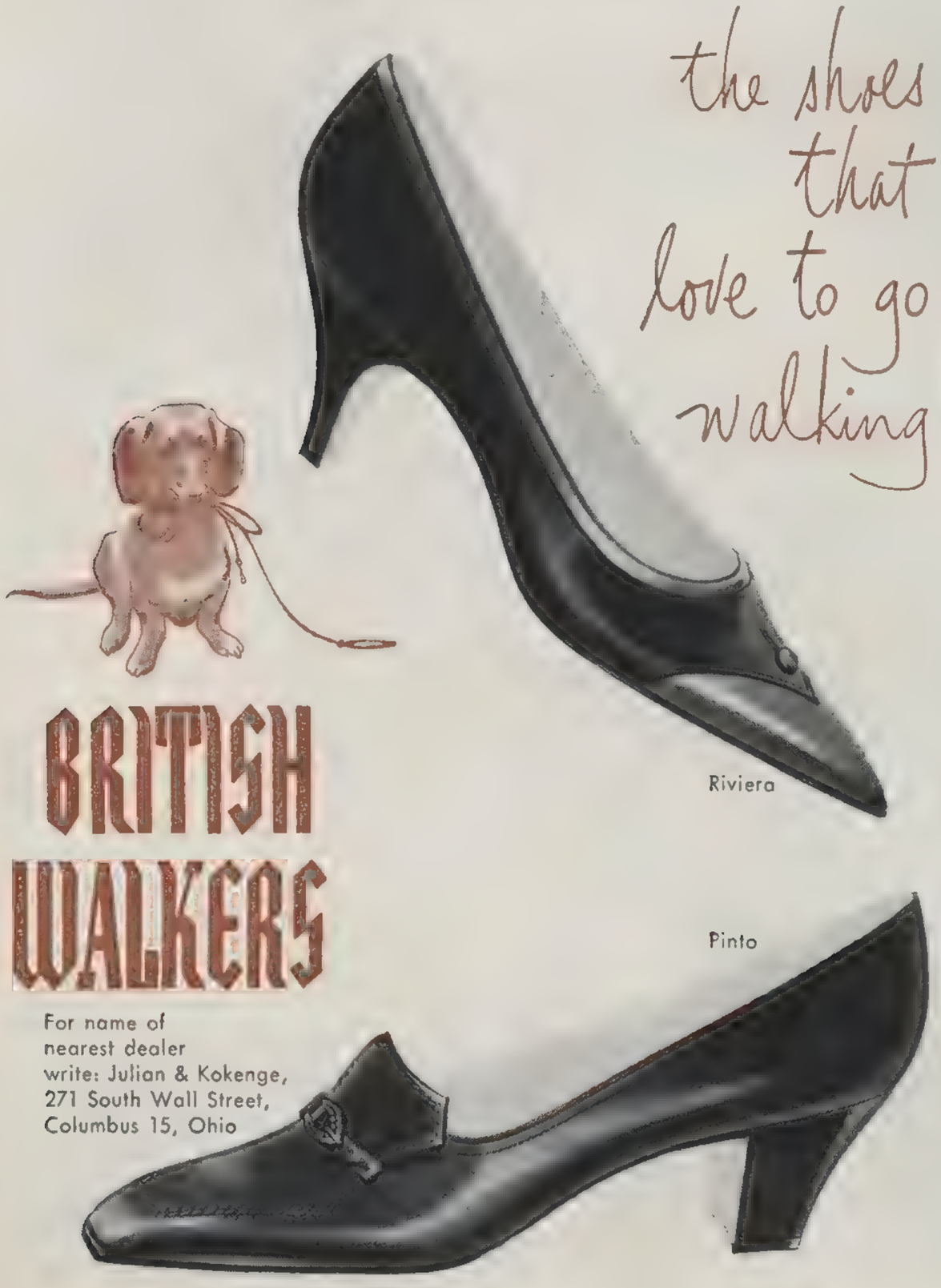
5. Stone greys are headline news this autumn—and so is the fresh importance of flannel; the one here, stone-grey worsted flannel by Mayflower.

6. Stone-grey and wood-brown—a winning combination now—printed on off-white in a leafy design. Challis-like fabric of Creslan by Cohama.

7. Tawny brown whipcord of rayon, Acrilan, and acetate; by Concord.

8. More out-of-the-woods brown:

the shoes that love to go walking



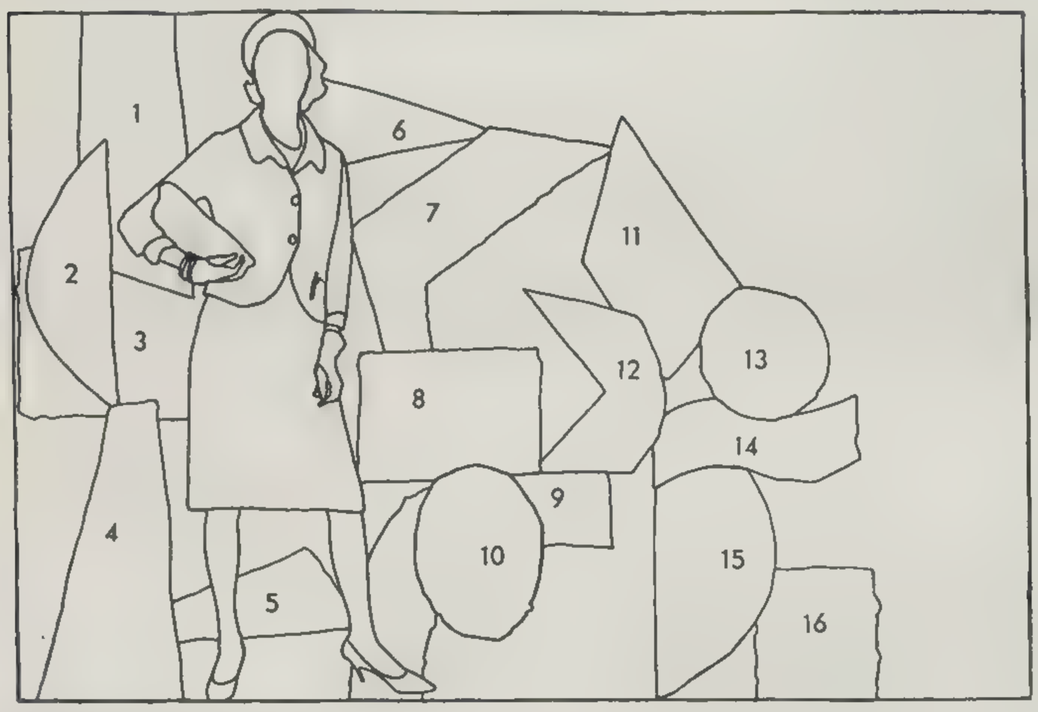
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BRITISH WALKERS

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fawn-coloured wide-wale cotton corduroy for suit, dress; by Crompton.
9. Further evidence of the crêpe's progress—its new importance in fashion: pale sand-coloured crêpe, of textured Dacron, a Fuller fabric.
10. Airy, lightweight wool suiting, one of the lacy weaves, in a sun-warmed shade of cognac. By Bellaine.
11. Soft, fleecy, wool tweed coating—in an important branch of the wood-brown family. By Warren of Stafford.
12. A fine soft tweed for the season's figure-skimming dresses: taupe, white, and black, woven mosaically together. Zefran-and-wool, by Milliken.
13. Stretch fabrics—taking on more importance this season. Here, a herringbone pattern in olive-green, a peaceful colour that's news now. Helanca nylon and worsted, by Einiger.
14. For coats, a warm, meadowy-grass shade of wool with a brushed shag surface; by Lawford.
15. For dinner skirts, little-theatre cardigan suits: dark antelope-brown cotton velvet; by Martin.
16. Autumn's important off-white—here, a smooth, crisp worsted-and-silk blend; by Chardon-Marché.
17. Coat-wool giant-plaided in fawn, white, and black. By Berroco.
18. Another of the season's bold-scale Paisleys: red, gold, black, and bronzine on Arnel challis; by Tempo.
19. Magnified tweed—a honeycomb of winter white, olive-brown, and black. The fabric, rayon-and-wool, by Lesur.
20. Off-white for fall coats: a luxurious, deep, ribbed wool by Chantal.
21. Bold tweed: off-white, interlaced with maple-wood brown and black. Wool fabric, by Worumbo.
22. A deep, soft jersey with the texture and colour of oak bark, and just a dash of black for shadowing. Worsted and cotton blend; by Jasco.
23. Dramatic leafing in taupe and caramel on black: wool by Onondaga.
24. Mohair, more important than ever this autumn—alone, or mixed with other elements, as here: a hedging green for coats, that's a blend of wool, mohair, and nylon; by Lesur.
25. Smooth-napped fabric that's in the picture now—this bronze-leaf wool Melton cloth by Anglo.
26. A rich, earth-brown shadowed with darkened grey: diagonal-weave tweed of wool, rayon, and mohair, for exciting coat. By Gilbert H. Robinson.
Accessories: Gloves by Van Raalte. Black opera pump by Entree of Eisendrath textured calfskin. Round-the-Clock stockings in a light stone-colour.



MAGENTA-TO-PINKS. 1. Blurry print in fuchsia, purple browns, black. Jersey of Estron, acetate, and nylon, by Belding Corticelli.
2. Pale-blue that clues in here for a softly-shaped day-dress, perhaps: crêpe of wool and fur fibre, by Hockanum.
3. Hound's-tooth check: it looks very new here, done on a grand scale in three of fall's most important colours—eggplant, space blue, and grey. Wool-and-viscose by Berroco.
4. Magenta, plaided with more magenta on a cotton velvet that might shape this year's long, graceful dinner skirt. By J. L. DeBall.
5. Magenta and slate-blue look new together this autumn. Here, in wool tweed by Len Artel.
6. Clue to the new blues, this brighter-than-navy shade called space blue. Springy wool with a newly-important diagonal rib; by Anglo.
7. Lacy wool tweed, magenta and blue, with white. Ring Fabrics.
8. For coats or the new subtly-shaped suits a soft, nappy magenta jersey of wool, fur, and nylon; by I. A. Wyner.
9. Mixture of red, purple, blue, and eggplant—adding up to magenta tweed. Worsted suiting by Einiger.
10. Magenta and space blue, in close quarters with fuchsia. Tweed of wool and fur, by Forstmann.
11. Clues to what's new here: the fabric is stretchable, and it's diagonally ribbed. Of Helanca nylon, Dacron, and cotton, in magenta; by Klopman.
12. One of autumn's important knitted fabrics in rich, dark eggplant. Double knitted worsted, by Milliken.
13. Autumn's magenta coat might easily be a light-as-a-soufflé wool, like this one; by Anglo.
14. One of the calmer surfaces coming in now: eggplant suiting of wool and Dacron; by Raeford.
15. Bold Paisley design, delicately sketched in black on magenta worsted challis; by Maxwell.
16. Airy leno weave in a dress fabric: eggplant wool, by Or de Laine.
Accessories: Gloves by Superb. Lizard opera pumps by Palizzio, of Fleming-Joffe leather. NoMend stockings.

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Following is a list of shops across the country where the fashions shown on pages 68-77 are available.

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Allentown, Pa.....Nan Carlby
Anchorage, Alaska.....Betty Faris Apparel
Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Bartlesville, Okla.....Montaldo's
Baton Rouge, La.....D. H. Holmes
Beckley, W. Va.....Rahall's
Beverly Hills, Calif.....I. Magnin
Billings, Mont.....Doyle's
Birmingham, Ala.....Kessler's
Bloomington, Ill.....Paul Anderson
Bluefield, W. Va.....Bradley's
Boise, Idaho.....Carroll's
Boston, Mass.....Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.....L. L. Berger
Cedar Rapids, Ia.....The Killian Co.
Charlevoix, Mich.....Polly Kay
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Chicago, Ill.....Bramson
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Jenny
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Broidas
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Montaldo's
Columbus, Ohio.....Montaldo's
Corona Del Mar, Calif.
O'Brien's Specialty Shop
Decatur, Ill.....Semmel's
Denver, Colo.....Montaldo's
Des Moines, Ia.....Younkers
Detroit, Mich.....J. L. Hudson
Dublin, Ga.....Stephens
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Durham, N. C.....Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.....Doop's
Easton, Pa.....H. P. Sigal
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Eugene, Ore.....Kaufman Bros.
Evanston, Ill.....Bramson
Evansville, Ind.....de Jong's
Florence, Ala.....Shirley's
Fresno, Calif.....Berkeley's
Geneva, Ill.....The Little Traveler
Greensboro, N. C.....Montaldo's
Hazleton, Pa.....B. Levin
Holland, Mich.....Jeane's
Huron, S. Dak.....Berg Style Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block
Jackson, Tenn.....Holland's
Jacksonville, Fla.....Levy's
Jenkintown, Pa.....John Wanamaker
Joliet, Ill.....Al Baskin
Kansas City, Mo.....Harzfeld's
Kenosha, Wis.....Lepp and Company
Kent, Conn.....The Barn Shop
La Jolla, Calif.....I. Magnin
Lakeland, Fla.....Gladys'
Lansing, Mich.....The Style Shop
Las Vegas, Nev.....Fanny's
Lawton, Okla.....Scott's
Lexington, Ky.....Loom & Needle
Lincoln, Neb.....Miller & Paine
Long Beach, Calif.....Schick's
Los Angeles, Calif.....I. Magnin
Louisville, Ky.....The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Martin, Tenn.....Merry Lee Shops
Mayfield, Ky.....The Vanity Shoppe
Memphis, Tenn.....The John Gerber Co.
Meriden, Conn.....The Styletex Co.
Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Millington, Tenn.....Cunningham Dress Shop
Milwaukee, Wis.....Smartwear-Emma Lange
Minneapolis, Minn.....Dayton's
Mitchell, S. Dak.....Baron's
Modesto, Calif.....The Brown House
Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Cecil Elrod's French Shoppe
Muskogee, Okla.....Susman's
New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes
Oakland, Calif.....I. Magnin
Oak Park, Ill.....Bramson
Omaha, Neb.....Younker's-Kilpatrick
Ontario, Calif.....Musette's
Palo Alto, Calif.....I. Magnin
Park Forest, Ill.....Bramson
Parkersburg, W. Va.....Broida-Stone & Thomas
Pasadena, Calif.....I. Magnin
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Wynnewood, Pa.....John Wanamaker
Pittsburg, Kans.....Seymour's
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne
Poplar Bluff, Mo.....Chas. Miller
Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank
Quincy, Mass.....Anne Starr
Reading, Pa.....Jeannette Shop
Richmond, Va.....Montaldo's
Roanoke, Va.....Smartwear-Irving Saks
Rochester, N. Y.....McCurdy's
Rockford, Ill.....Edith Parrish
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous-Barr
St. Paul, Minn.....Frank Murphy
Sacramento, Calif.....I. Magnin
Salem, Ore.....Meier & Frank
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Makoff's
San Antonio, Tex.....Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.....I. Magnin
San Luis Obispo, Calif.....Leonore Smith
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Santa Fe, N. Mex.....Hubbard's
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Sedalia, Mo.....C. W. Flower
Smyrna, Ga.....Florence Fashions
Shreveport, La.....The Fashion
South Bend, Ind.....Frances Shop
Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.....Bressmer's
Stamford, Conn.....Ethel Allan
Stockton, Calif.....The Brown House
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Toledo, Ohio.....Lasalle's
Trenton, N. J.....Helen Griffith
Tulsa, Okla.....Vandevers
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Waukegan, Ill.....Hein's
Westchester, Yonkers, N. Y.
John Wanamaker
Williamsport, Pa.....Lynn-Hayes
Wilmington, Del.....John Wanamaker
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
Youngstown, Ohio.....Livingston's

WHEN BRAINS ARE BETTER THAN LUCK

(Continued from page 62)

eyebrows, the wide-leaded one for that line that's drawn on the lid, edging into the roots of the lashes. This line, by the way, is a brain-line; any number of women, thinking that only inborn skill can produce it, discover after weeks or years that with simple plugging a fairly unskilled hand can manage. . . . With make-up, this is the way it goes; the woman who picks up a few tricks early-on spots the short-cuts, knows how to tell a good thing coming along without turning her dressing table into an alchemist's playground. What she doesn't do is over-concentrate. An odd Sunday morning she may give over to practising eyelines, but until they're right—and easy—she relies on other allures. She knows, in other words, that accuracy counts more than anything in achieving beauty. Smudged edges will defeat any superb face going, just as surely as neatness and precision will carry a face that's fair but not sensationally lucky.

Along with small illusion (the extra provided by make-up) it is, regrettably, often necessary to face facts few illusions help; i.e., extra pounds and bulges. Born lucky, you're born with a reasonably good figure that will sleek along until, say, thirty, or forty, if your luck holds. When it gives out—as inevitably it almost always does—what you have left is brains, and they're only as good as your own self-discipline. Exercise (something you like as much as riding or swimming or tennis) may see you through, but if it doesn't, the thing to fall back on is not just your own mind, but the best diet brains you can find with the best medical supervision and, for such subsidiary reasons as well-being and muscle tone, a good exercise class. Brains being what they are—always fallible—it may be wise to check available massage régimes, too. Everything that exercise accomplishes massage will not, but some of the greatest beauties we know thrive on the combination of massage and a sensible, never fanatic or husband-alienating, approach to food.

In all of this, balance is the key word. The woman we have in mind has too busy, too interesting a life to turn her days into self-centred searching for unreasonable, unshakeable perfection. Much as she'd like every hair in place all the time, she has learned to keep her temper and, with it, some wind-tossed vestige of allure (often powerful) when she's thrust unwilling into the teeth of a gale or an energetic avalanche of small children. This matters. . . . And when it's added to fairly systematic beauty maintenance, it carries a nice beauty-edge. It's often, in fact, just a little bit better than a little bit of luck.

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THE PRICE OF SERVICE

By CLAIRE NICOLAS WHITE

Who has not dreamt of the faithful servant, the old-fashioned soul, loving work, devoted to children, honest as the day is long?

When my fourth child was born, it seemed suddenly imperative that I find such a one. Was it not, after all, simply misplaced pride to believe that one could do everything by one's self? And so she miraculously appeared one day, walking the two miles from the village to our house, accompanied by her son.

They were the strangest pair I had ever seen and terrified me at first. Their proportions were those of dwarfs, with oversized heads and hands, large knobbly foreheads, and slight hunchbacks, only instead of being undersized they were enormous, true Nordic giants with pale eyes, limp, colourless hair, and pink faces. Their clothes hung about them in a formless way, as if they had been picked at random from the bundles of refugees.

They came and sat on my sofa, close together, and she explained that someone in the village had told them I was looking for a cleaning woman. Before I knew it they were both crying, rather discreetly, she wiping her tears one at a time with a casual index, the boy with the cuff of his shirt. Her husband had died all of a sudden at the age of sixty; a splendid great big man, she assured me: "He just fell down on the kitchen floor, right before my eyes," she cried. They had come from the city, where they had been janitors of an apartment building, to spend a few weeks' vacation in a rented cabin, but now that her husband had died they could not face city life and wanted to stay out here where people seemed friendlier.

"She can take care of children," said the son. "She's a real good worker!" He appraised his mother rather as if she were a pack horse. His voice was high-pitched and he had an unsmiling face, staring at me with blank, pale eyes. Though the mother seemed gentle enough the son frightened me. His manner was definitely odd and he probably was simple-minded. I hesitated, but they were so pathetic and bedraggled that I saw a unique chance of doing them a good deed as well as myself, of practising charity and acquiring help. We settled on a salary rather smaller than average to begin with, for, I persuaded myself, how did I know she would do?

I should have been more suspicious of this longing of mine to practise charity. Everyone knows that philanthropy is an old-fashioned disease practised by the self-righteous and designed to make them feel pleasantly holy. There was certainly something anachronistic in the way Mrs. Erickson, as my new maid was called, crawled on all fours through the house, scrubbing the floors on her knees. She refused to use mops, vacuum cleaners, floor-waxers, or any of the modern labour-saving devices I plied her with, and using nothing but rags, water, and a scrubbing brush she made everything glisten and shine. What an odd, embarrassing sight she was, dressed in sneakers, sweat socks, a cotton dress with two full inches of slip showing, and rags of all shapes and colours dangling from her waist, tucked in her belt. With these she flitted about in clumsy haste, always good-humoured, and if I made the least suggestion she would fall all over herself with eagerness, so that I gave up making any more remarks at all and gave her free rein to go about her work in her own archaic way.

The servility of her scrubbing position made me wince at first, but I got used to it. It made me feel justified in emptying my attic into her hands; worn-out clothes, chipped plates, coffeepots without handles which I had been too stingy to throw out—she accepted everything gratefully. But the most touching thing about her was her love for the baby. The generosity with which she gave it her affection, even though it wasn't hers, seemed to me especially unusual in our day and age. If it cried she would shake it up and down with gruesome violence and the baby loved it. She made ridiculous noises and faces at it which the baby soon started to imitate until I noticed with some alarm that they began to look like each other. When Mrs. Erickson stayed with the children at night while my husband and I went out, I would find her, sometimes at three o'clock in the morning, wide awake, having done all the ironing and mending, waiting cheerfully beside the radiator in the front hall, which she worshipped as if it were a potbellied stove.

Since I could not afford to employ Mrs. Erickson full time I found her other jobs, but not too many. In this way I made quite certain that I could always call on her at the last minute and that she'd be free to sit at a moment's notice. I also made sure that no one would offer to pay her more than I did. Then, at Christmas I gave her a handsome present, and when the icebox broke down in the miserable cabin which she rented, I gave her a practically new icebox which I had no use for at the time, with the stipulation that if ever I should need it back I would let her know.

It was this gift of the icebox that seemed to me incredibly generous. Now surely she would be so beholden to me that I would never lose her. In this manner we became genuinely fond of each other; so, at least, I thought. The more I told her not to work too hard, the harder she worked. As I got accustomed to her shapeless shabbiness I began to find a certain beauty in her face, due no doubt to its kindness and simplicity. When my friends complained of the unavailableness of servants, I gloated over mine; and when they raised their eyebrows at her strange aspect, I smiled secretly. How could they guess what a faithful soul lodged in that body?

Once in a while the son called her up while she was working. This always seemed to alarm

(Continued on page 126)



THE PRICE OF SERVICE

(Continued from page 125)

her. "What is it? What happened now? What do you want?" she would say. Then she would smile apologetically at me and explain: "He gets lonely without me!"

Sometimes she boasted of him to me, but the only quality she could find in him was his enormous size. "He sure is a big strong boy!" she would say tenderly, for as Italian peasants admire fat women because it proves they can afford to eat well, so Mrs. Erickson claimed the size of her son as an achievement. Actually, I suspected that he was mean with her from the few times I overheard him yell at her rudely.

She consulted me on all their diseases, the gruesome symptoms of which I listened to patiently. She made me put my hand on her stomach to show me how swollen it was. She had many worries: poverty, loneliness, her idle, half-witted son, but the worst of her troubles perhaps was her neighbour. This was a ninety-six-year-old woman who fell down the stairs one day and broke her ankle. Mrs. Erickson came to the rescue and the crafty old witch from that day took possession of her. This old woman was a wizened, shrunken little creature with a wild lot of snow-white hair and beady little eyes. Her helplessness, which she cleverly prolonged indefinitely, made her completely dependent on Mrs. Erickson for food and all her other physical needs. For two whole years she refused to get out of bed and voraciously ate the enormous meals Mrs. Erickson prepared for her, consuming, besides, a quart of whisky a day. I was told all this with increasing annoyance until, exasperated I suppose, Mrs. Erickson started drinking some of the whisky herself.

When she first came drunk to the house I simply refused to believe it. I, who am unusually sensitive to the slightest sign of inebriation in my friends and relatives, insisted, to my husband's astonishment, that Mrs. Erickson, who was weaving noisily through the house with the baby perched precariously on her arm, was simply feeling jolly. The children, who have an uncanny instinct about these things, immediately got in the mood and started dancing and shouting around their sitter and as we drove off everyone was whooping it up. Still, I insisted: "She is not drunk!" and to affirm my conviction, I raised her salary.

We were then in the midst of a long, dreary winter. Snow came and melted and came again, and the road to Mrs. Erickson's cabin was a field of mud. Her chimney smoked, her pipes froze, her garbage accumulated in the sleet, and when I would pick her up in the mornings I could see the old lady peering maliciously through the window of the house next door. At first it was only when arriving to sit in the evenings that she would be suspiciously flushed, talkative, and unsteady. I would watch her uneasily as she entered a doorway, sucking noisily on Sen Sen pills which she distributed among the children, or cooing at the baby in an unnaturally high-pitched voice. But, noticing my perplexed expression, she would call out: "Don't worry about a thing now and don't hurry home!" and I would go off quite reassured, telling my husband that even if she did have a little nip, what was so bad about that? And he would roar with laughter and say: "You certainly are changing your views!"

One day I met her in the liquor store buying a bottle of whisky and she flashed me a smile and waved the bottle mockingly: "The old lady's ration, don't you know!"

It was now the end of March and the field and roads steamed with a poisonous dampness rising from the sleet. I went to fetch Mrs. Erickson one morning and as she picked her way through the mud I could see that she was paler than usual. Her breath was reeking with whisky in spite of the peppermints she was sucking desperately. She chirped a few words that sounded chipper enough but didn't make any sense. Somehow she managed to get through the front door, knocked against the table and started noisily piling all the dishes, pots, and pans in an incredible heap in the sink. I pretended not to watch her and yet, horrified, I remained frozen to the spot. Suddenly her hands sank listlessly to her side and she said:

"I think I will just walk home if you don't mind. I don't feel so good."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll drive you!" I said eagerly.

"No, no! Please, I'll walk."

"Nonsense," I said. "I'm going to drive you."

"But I want to walk!" she insisted desperately. Then, too weak to protest any longer, she got into the car.

"It's just that I couldn't sleep. I ran out of coal and the house is freezing . . . so I took a sleeping pill."

I said nothing but drove on grimly.

"Just knocked out, you know! That sleeping pill and everything. . . . Those sleeping pills are sure terrible," she said, closing her eyes dizzily. Then, almost coyly: "I hope you don't think I've been drinking now, do you? That would be terrible, if you thought I'd been drinking or anything."

"Of course I think you've been drinking," I burst out. "It isn't that I blame you, but what would you have done if I'd left you in charge of the baby?"

"But the sleeping pill. . . ."

"And it isn't the first time Mrs. Erickson, I've noticed it before!"

She looked stunned.

"I don't mind your drinking, Mrs. Erickson, don't you see? I can see how you need it. Why my own husband drinks, what do I care? Just give me a ring next time; tell me you're sick or something."

Stubbornly she went on babbling: "It was just that I couldn't sleep, don't you know, and it was cold and. . . ."

When we got to her house she stood beside the car for a minute, her head bowed. "Well, goodbye now," she said finally and walked off slowly to the dilapidated cabin, her sneakers sinking in the mud, her slip hanging out below her cotton gown, her handkerchief bulging in the pocket of her chartreuse sweater.

"It'll teach her a lesson," I reasoned, thinking at the same time: "How can she bear her life?" I fluctuated between moral indignation and compassion. I must admit that the thought of firing her occurred to me. Was it perhaps my duty? But then, what would I do without her? It was quite out of the question. I needed her. Why, I actually LOVED her!

Alas, there was one possibility I had overlooked and that was that Mrs. Erickson might be proud. The following Sunday evening we were having one of those rare dinner parties which simply has to be perfect. Our guests were clients, rather formal and intimidating. The dinner was ready, the table carefully set, the children remarkably silent, bribed with TV and hidden behind several closed doors, and my husband and I were about to hurriedly change from dirty blue jeans into clean clothes when the guests arrived much too promptly. Hardly had we apologized for our appearance when there was another loud knock at the door. There stood Mrs. Erickson's son towering over me, a cigarette butt dangling insolently from his lips.

"Where do you want your icebox, lady?" he said.

"But. . . ."

"Come on, where do you want it?"

"I don't understand," I said. "Don't you need it anymore?"

"Just tell me where you want it, o.k. lady?" I was furious. The rudeness, the inconvenience of the disturbance were more than I could take.

"Listen, I'm having a dinner party now. I'll call your mother later."

"I'm NOT coming back later!" I realized that we were screaming at each other and blushed with embarrassment. My husband and the guests came to observe my humiliation.

"Come on and give me a hand!" ordered the baby-faced giant, and my husband and the guests took off their jackets and unloaded the icebox from the rented trailer into the garage.

The whole thing frustrated and bewildered me more than the incident warranted. Why had she returned my magnanimous present? Could it mean that she had fired me instead of my firing her? After all I'd done for her, did she think that just by returning the icebox she was no longer beholden to me?

Mrs. Erickson would never work for me again. After all I'd done for her! Simply because she had been my pauper, I had come to believe that she who had slaved for me and received my charity now had become my property. I had come to need her just as she was—poor, unhappy, ugly, ridiculous, and drunk—until she, with this one gesture of independence and dignity had made my whole tower of self-righteousness topple, leaving us equals once again, equals but *strangers*.

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What shoes count now

(Continued from pages 54-55)

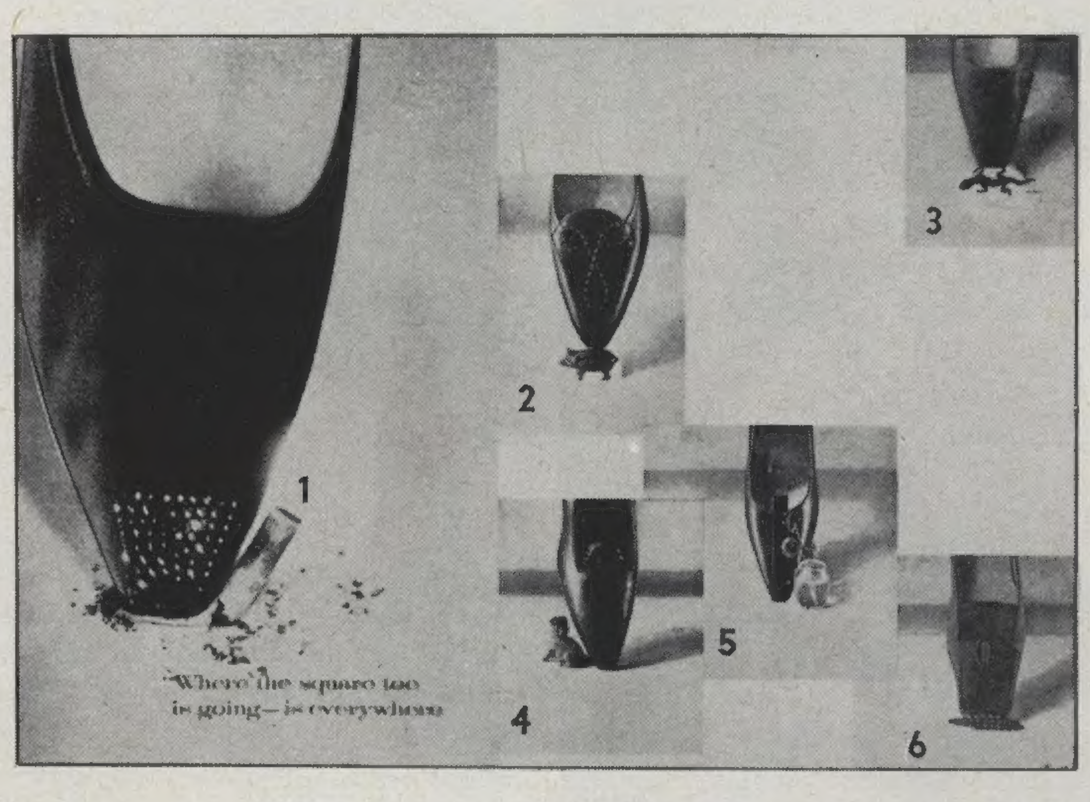


1. Wine dark slipper by Charles Jourdan, about $27; at Altman's; Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Blach's; Hudson's; Joseph's, Chicago; Harzfeld's; H. Liebes.
2. Green shoe by Margaret Jerrold of Fleming-Joffe Calcutta lizard, about $33; Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Famous-Barr.
3. Patent leather opera pump by Herbert Levine, about $33; at Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin.
4. Black strapped pump; Millerkins of Fleming-Joffe Calcutta lizard, about $27; at I. Miller, N. Y.; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Woolf Bros.; I. Magnin.
5. Burnt-red shoe by Delman of Fleming-Joffe Calcutta lizard, about $50, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.
6. Cedar-brown shoe of Loewenstein calfskin, $38; at Saks Fifth Avenue.
7. Black shoe by Entree of Eisendrath calfskin, $20; at Gimbels; Woodward & Lothrop; Thalhimers; Famous-Barr.
8. Light cedar shoe by Andrew Geller of Donovan textured calfskin, about $25; at Andrew Geller, N. Y., and Chicago; The Blum Store, Phila.

On the model: Pappagallo's alligator opera pump, about $30; at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Stockings by Archer in Acorn, a rusty beige; at Sakowitz. Accessocraft necklace. Gloves by Superb. Both at Lord & Taylor. Lederer handbag.

Where the square toe is going

(Continued from pages 86-87)



1. Brown peau de soie evening slipper: Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Stockings: Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.
2. Calfskin shoe: Abraham & Straus; Bon Marché, Seattle.
3. Cobra shoe: Bonwit Teller, Phila.
4. Cedar suit shoe: Altman's.
5. Rust-brown calfskin shoe: Bonwit Teller, Phila.; Himelhoch's; L. S. Ayres; Famous-Barr.
6. Suède shoe, flat heel. B. Forman; Kaufmann's; Godchaux's; Hudson's.

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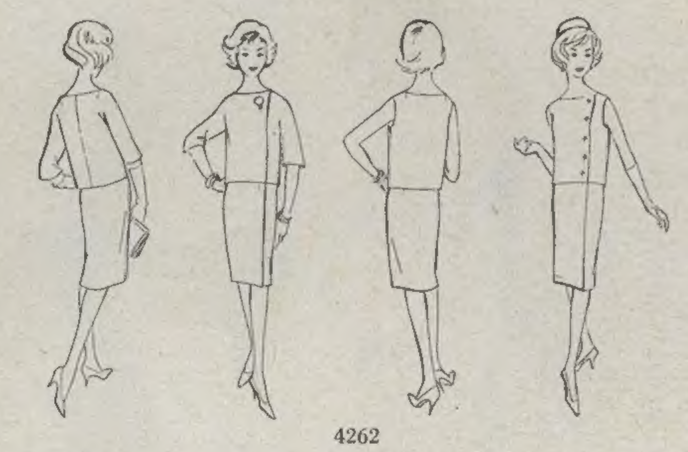


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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 108-109)



4262

Above: Suit with side-buttoned jacket; sleeveless put-over. Vogue Pattern 4262, sizes 10 to 18. Suit and sleeveless blouse, yardage for size 14: 3⅞ yds. of 45" fabric. Price: $2.



4256

Above: Straightish coat with stand-up collar and bloused one-piece dress. Vogue Pattern 4256, sizes 10 to 18. Yardage for size 14: coat, 3 yds. 58" fabric; coat lining, 2⅝ yds. of 45" fabric; dress, 1⅞ yds. of 54" fabric. Price: $1.50.

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See the mocha-and-cream wardrobe in fashion shows at the following stores:

(Continued from pages 108-109)

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Charlotte, N. C.....Belk-Brothers Company
Cincinnati, Ohio.....H. S. Pogue Company
Columbus, Ohio.....Lazarus
Fresno, Calif.....Cooper's
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox & Company
Kansas City, Mo.....Macy's
Long Beach, Calif.....Buffum's
Miami, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Minneapolis, Minn.....The Amluxen Company
Nashville, Tenn.....Cain Sloan Company
Oakland, Calif.....The White House
Oklahoma City, Okla. Wayne Russell Fabrics, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.....J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Pasadena, Calif.....Bullock's
Philadelphia, Pa.....Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Kaufmann's
Sacramento, Calif. Weinstock-Lubin & Company
San Diego, Calif.....Marston's
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